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THE NA[illegible]EEKLY

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A Survey by Walter Davenport

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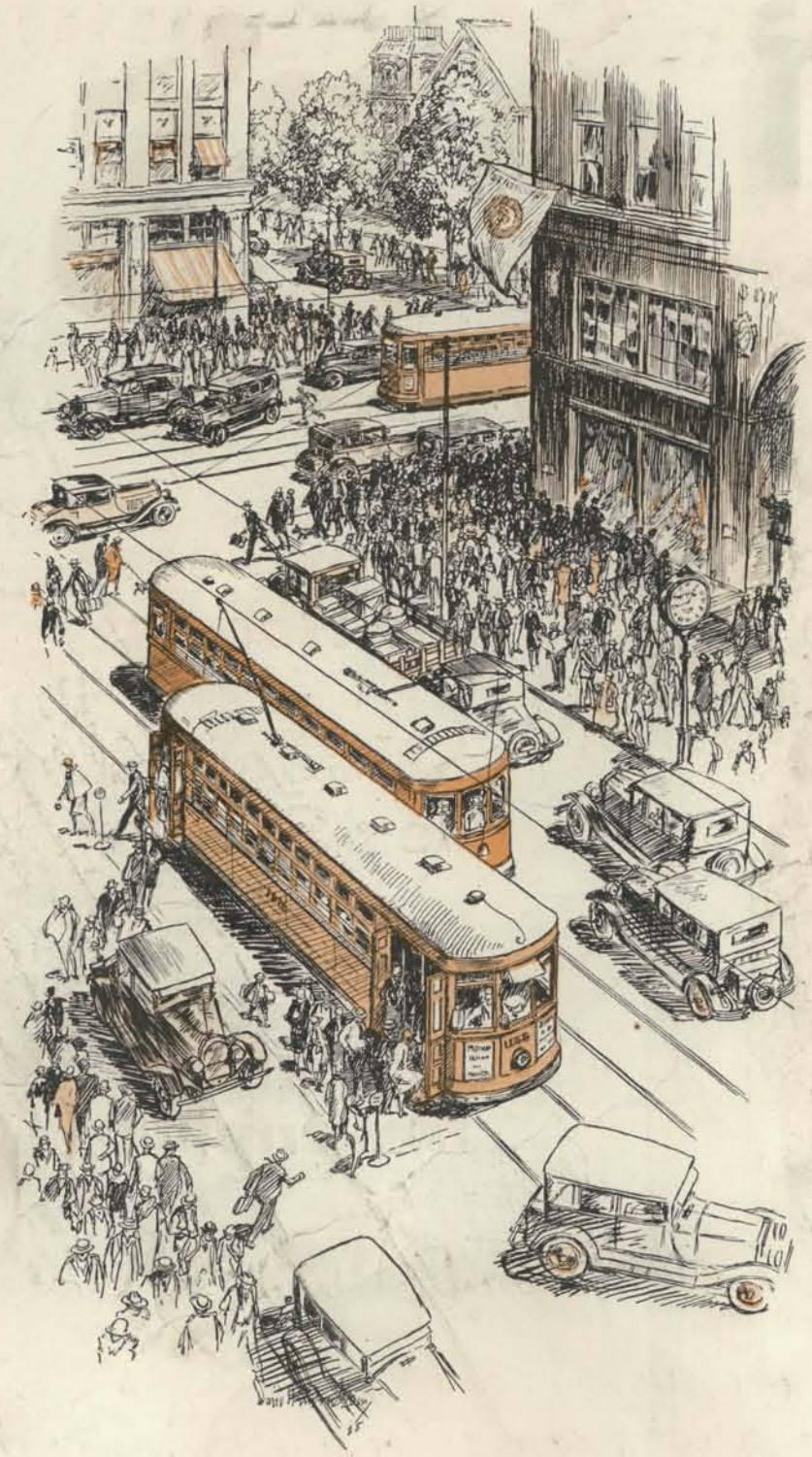

Crowds

. . . and the Street Car's answer

OUT of the multiplying perplexities of the traffic problem, one fact emerges clearly; the electric street car is our most efficient means of moving masses of people.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

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International Truck Triumphs Over Sahara's Wastes

"Baron Blixen drags his weary steps toward the drums. What an eternity it takes—"

Thrilling story of first four-wheel truck to conquer 3,000 miles of world's greatest desert, by

SIR CHARLES MARKHAM

British soldier, explorer and big-game hunter

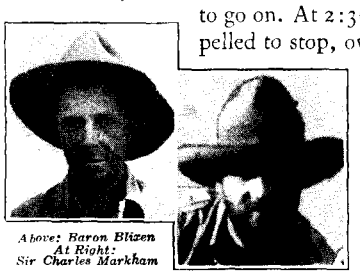
IF I WERE asked to state why Baron Frederik von Blixen-Finecke and I crossed the Sahara by truck, I could only answer that in doing so we attempted and accomplished something which everyone claimed was impossible. We both felt that, having gone so far as buying an International Special Delivery for the trip, we would ignore advice and go on.

On March 26th we started our adventure from Kano, in Nigeria. Out of Zinder, appalling heat enveloped us, our thermometer registering 125° in the shade. Progress from Niamey on was slow, barely averaging ten miles per hour.

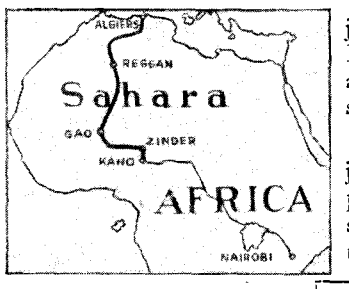
* * *

The desolation at Tabankort, an abandoned military post, would drive most white men crazy in a month. The heat is beyond description. The water is almost as salt as the sea, so we decided not to fill our two 10-gallon drums as we should pass another well called Asselagh, farther on. The going became steadily worse. At dusk we came to the conclusion we had missed the well. We were faced with the alternative of going on or of turning back.

Either way courted death and a terrible one, but we decided to go on. At 2:30 A. M. we were compelled to stop, overcome by exhaustion. A small glass of water and dry biscuits for us, but not a sound of complaint from our wonderful truck. The going became worse, involving corrugated iron sheets under the wheels, which otherwise would have sunk to the hubs in sand. Four feet forward—stop. Scratch sand, replace sheets, again forward four feet. There was less than a gallon and a half of water left. Our International was boiling constantly but kept faithfully on and every drop of water poured into the radiator was like parting with our life's blood. Finally, a speck on the horizon! Our hopes rise, "What is it," we cry, "can it be water?" Hardly can we curb our impatience. We reach the steel drum. Empty! Our hopes are dashed and both secretly think we have come to the end of our last journey.



Above: Baron Blixen At Right: Sir Charles Markham



The next day, we ran into a deep valley of sand. The truck sank in to the axle. Only a quart of water left—for the engine, or ourselves? We compromised with a mouthful apiece and the car drank the rest. Progress was terribly slow, the truck shuddering under the terrific strain from the resistance of the sand, but coming through with flying colors. We climb a small escarpment, and see, barely a mile away, five drums standing in solitary state. Are they empty, or filled with water—or petrol? Baron Blixen drags his weary steps toward the drums. What an eternity it takes to cover that mile; but eventually he reaches them.

It is water! With feverish haste we drink the precious liquid which means life.

* * *

Next morning we were off into the Tanezruft Desert, where it has never been known to rain, and reached Reggan two days later. On April 12th we reached Algiers, having covered 4,535 kilometers (2,818 miles) in sixteen days. From Kano to Algiers we consumed 156 gallons of petrol (187 U. S. gals.).

We were not only glad to have accomplished the journey, but to have done it in a regular stock model International Truck, without special equipment or preparation, other than extra fuel, tires, and water; and no spare parts of any description were carried—or needed!

NOTE: These are short excerpts from this adventurous journey across Sahara. International Harvester will be pleased to send you, with its compliments, the complete story of Sir Charles, in booklet form, profusely illustrated. Use coupon below.

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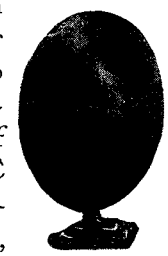

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Juliet was a Lady

By George Weston

But even the most perfect lady will do almost anything if she's feeling jealous enough or superior enough

Illustrated by John H. Crosman

"Oh, he looks ver' distinguish'! R—round—and dark—and handsome—and with a luffly mustache"

HIS real name was Jerome J. Parnell, but he was billed on the program as "The Great Parnelli, the famous tragedian, in Gems from Shakespeare," and borrowing from Chevalier, he always came on the stage dressed as an old legitimate actor who had seen better days.

An ancient silk hat, a long overcoat with pathetic fur collar and cuffs, baggy trousers and curled-up spats, a gold-headed cane and one glove negligently carried in the hand which held the stick—you have probably seen the costume. And for make-up: a reddened nose, blue jowls and a pair of brows like two young bushes over sorrowful eyes.

"La-dees and gentlemen, my first gem from Shakespeah will be culled from the immortal tragedy Romeo and Juliet."

He culled it well, his voice vibrant and low when he started, his manner gradually becoming touched with grandeur as he arose to the first crescendo; and if you heard him, it might dimly have occurred to you that here was a last sad echo of the classics trying to preserve their dignity in a world insane with jazz—a voice crying in the wilderness—a voice, alas, which would soon be still. And while you were uneasily undecided whether to sigh or to smile at this burlesque figure on the other side of the footlights, he lifted his arms and cried, "Juliet! Where art thou, Juliet?"

AT THIS point there was always a grunting commotion in the wings, and the next moment a seal came scuffling on the stage, balancing a ball upon her nose, and pausing now and then to call out loving greetings to Romeo and to clap her flippers together in acknowledgment of the applause which never failed her from the audience. Whereupon perhaps you sat back in your seat, queerly relieved to find that tragedy was being lost in laughter, and yet not altogether satisfied that Shakespeare unadorned was so much less successful than when accompanied by a brisk young seal who was fond of fun and fish.

For there was no doubt about it, from the moment of Juliet's arrival, the act, uncertain before, became a hit. On the one hand was the Great Parnelli, vainly trying to give his Gems—and on the other side Juliet, juggling balls and balancing sticks, flirting with the drummer, singing "When You and I Were Young, Maggie," wiping Romeo's nose when he sneezed, scufflingly taking the part of Ophelia—and sneaking fish from Othello's pocket long after she was supposed to be dead!

"This damned seal!" the Great Parnelli would mutter at times as she followed him around the stage, full of love and affection. "She's worse than a wife."

He often told the audiences how he had acquired Juliet.

"La-dees and gentlemen. I am sometimes ahsked, 'How is it that you, such a well-known Shakespearean actor, became possessed—ah—of such an unusual leading lady?'

"With your gracious permission I will proceed to tell you this:

"A FEW yeahs ago, while giving my celebrated Gems from Shakespeare in vaudeville, I formed a very warm friendship with Mr. Arthur Sigourney, the previous owner of Juliet. Ah—Mr. Sigourney met with a fatal accident while crossing the street one day. I tried to save him—he seemed to think that I did so at the risk of my own life—and—ah—however that may be—while I was taking him to the hospital, he said, 'If anything happens to me, my friend, I want you to have Juliet. Look after her well—I regard her as the leading seal of our times—and I also ahsk your kind offices for Jocko, her handler and trainer,' whom I now take great pleasuah in introducing to you as the lahst but not the least member of our little company."

Whereupon Jocko, low-browed and swarthy, would appear and take his bow in tongue-tied embarrassment.

"Some day," the Great Parnelli always concluded, "I hope to have the honah of appearing before you at the head of my own Shakespearean company—and in the meantime—"

At this point Jocko had trained Juliet to go out and pull her master in by the tail of his coat, meanwhile crooning and looking at him with adoring eyes.

"This damned seal!" the Great Parnelli muttered more than once under cover of the audience's laughter. "She'll ruin my whole career before she's through!"

And, indeed, as time went on, he yearned more and more for the days

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when he alone had stood beneath the spotlight of his act—gradually forgetting that before he had teamed with Juliet his act had generally been received in such deep silence that he had been afraid to leave the stage at the end of each Gem for fear that no one would applaud him back for further Jewels.

"When I get through this booking," he finally vowed to himself, "I'll see if I can't unload her on someone else. If I could farm her out, say, on a royalty basis, I might be able to rest until I made connections with a decent company."

YOU can therefore understand that when at last they returned to New York, and he read that Mademoiselle Fifi and her seal, Old Bill, were appearing at the Atheneum, he dressed himself as quickly as possible after the Monday matinée with the idea of catching Mademoiselle before she left the theatre. On his way out he passed Jocko giving Juliet a lesson on the mouth organ, but the moment she saw her master Juliet dropped the harmonica and opened her mouth for fish.

"Aye," said the Great Parnelli, looking at the wide-open mouth and loving eyes. "Of a surety you belong to the sex. You would eat my fish, you would spoil my career, you would ruin my life—and even then—even then you would not be satisfied!"

He walked on, frowning with a touch of tragic bitterness, and, seeing that he was leaving her thus, Juliet lifted her voice and wept as though her heart was about to break. . . .

Heretofore you have only seen the Great Parnelli on the stage, but now you are to observe him on the street, liberated from his make-up and equally free from the sleek-coated incubus which (he felt) was strangling all those hopes of histrionic glory which had once been his in such abundant measure.

He was, then, still young—that is to say, he was still in his early thirties—and although ten years of soured ambitions had left their shadowy marks upon him, he had to watch himself at times or he might have lost that gravity of demeanor which is the mark of great tragedians. He was tall and undeniably handsome, with his well-marked eyebrows, his commanding nose and Grecian profile—a set of features which even on the street suggested a proscenium arch and darkened auditorium.

His step, too—a grave and measured tread—might have been timed to the stately rhythm of the immortal bard; and after hearing that, thanks to Juliet, he was dressed in a black-braided cutaway and faultless striped trousers—to say nothing of such accessories as a black silk eyeglass ribbon an inch wide, a pair of fawn-colored spats and patent-leather shoes—you will understand that when he reached the Atheneum he had no trouble in passing the doorkeeper at the stage entrance, nor in finding his way to Mademoiselle Fifi's dressing-room.

She too was appareled for the street. On the stage her costume was limited to an opera wrap covered with spangles and the fluffiest of feathers—a wrap slipped off her shoulders at the proper moment and revealing that charming dress, now threatening to become universal for all occasions, which Miss Kellermann first made famous when diving into her equally well-known tank. But whether or not it was because she wore this dress so much in her professional hour, Mlle. Fifi almost went to the other extreme for street wear. The skirt of her white frock, for instance, covered her knees, her sleeves fell to her wrists, her neck was nearly concealed by necklace after necklace of round black beads, some as large as onion sets and others as small as garden peas, while on her head was a large floppety picture hat, done in black and white, which looked as though it would float away if it escaped its moorings. It was from under the brim of this hat that Mademoiselle looked up at the Great Parnelli, her eyes intent and serious, but her lips as ripe as cherries which are ready to fall from the tree.

"Ah, yes, of course!" she exclaimed when he told her who he was. "I see you las' night at the Varieties. You open the show there, and I close it here; so, you see, I have time to give you a queeck look. But I did not know you off the stage. There you look old and a broken-down man; but here—la-la!—so yo'ng you are, and distinguish'!"

"A matter of make-up, Mademoiselle," said he, trying his deepest voice upon her. "Perhaps you have already guessed that I am in truth an actor and not an animal trainer. Er—in fact—I am sometimes ahsked, 'How is it that you, such a well-known Shakespearean actor. . . .'" Whereupon he told her the story, and caught himself just in time or he would have introduced the absent Jocko.

Mademoiselle looked up at the Great Parnelli, her eyes intent and serious

"I knew M'sieur Sigourney," nodded Mademoiselle, "and wherever he is, I think he is pleas' to know that his seal is in such good hands—"

The Great Parnelli bowed.

"Which brings me to the purpose of my visit," said he, still speaking in his deepest voice. "I am—ah—considering several offers of returning to the drahma—and—ah—in short—how would you like to take over Juliet on a weekly royalty basis—let us say so much down, as an indication of good faith—and so much a week thereafter?"

Mademoiselle looked at him from under the brim of her hat—her eyes more intent and serious than ever—but her lips still as ripe as cherries which are ready to fall from the tree.

"You have a helper?" she asked.

"Yes," he said. "An excellent fellow—rejoicing in the name of Jocko."

"I remember him," nodded Mademoiselle. "But to take over Juliet, m'sieur? That is easier said than done. At the best it would take some time to understand each other. At the worst, she may never like me. But I tell you what I would propose. Suppose we team together—you with Juliet and your Gems from Shakespeare—me with my Ol' Bill and the diving tank. With Ol' Bill and Juliet together I think we get on Rita's new Revue which is to be call' The Circus of 1928—five hundred dollars a week at the ver', ver' least, I would ask them."

"But couldn't you take Juliet and run the two seals yourself?" he asked.

"POSSIBLEE," she admitted. "In time. When Juliet gets to know me. But meanwhile—five hundred dollars a week, m'sieur. It is not to be sneeze' in the eye."

On the contrary, he thought, on a fifty-fifty basis, it would double his income. Not even to be coughed at. A year of that and he could rest for a whole season, if necessary, and work for a booking on one of the few remaining important stock companies.

"You think you could get five hundred?" he asked uncertainly.

"You leave it to me, m'sieur," she nodded. "I have already seen Rita once, and I am what you call good business. When does your present engagement end?"

"Next month."

"And mine soon later. You leave it to me," she said again, and for the first time she smiled at him—a smile as serious as her glance. "And now, m'sieur, you mus' come and meet Ol' Bill. It may be ver', ver' necessar' that you two be good friends. . . ."

Old Bill proved to be a friendly soul with a walruslike mustache and moon-shaped face. He was in his pen at the back of the stage—daydreaming perhaps of some half-guessed island in an unknown sea—but to Mademoiselle's command he was soon holding out his flipper to the visitor and giving him a gentle roar of greeting.

"I didn't know they grew so large," said the latter, looking at his prospective colleague's three hundred pounds with some misgiving.

"Ah, yes," said Mademoiselle. "The gentlemen seal grow big like that; it is only the ladies stay small. Jacques, who takes care of him, is off for his dinner. So what you say if we go for dinner too and talk to ourselves?"

As she had said, she was "ver' good business," and the Great Parnelli could hardly remember a dinner which he had enjoyed so much. She knew he would be a famous actor, for instance—so marvelous his voice, so eempressive his appearance. For herself, helas, she would never be a Bernhardt, but if she could make two hundred and feefty dollars a week for a few years, and not too much expenses, she would say *that* (a snap of the fingers) to all those funny girls who think some day they will be like Ethel Barrymore and end by selling teeckets in a moving-picture show.

"Ah!" sighed the Great Parnelli. "If I could only see life from your sensible point of view! But when I lay in my cradle and couldn't help myself—poor innocent babe that I was—an evil fairy pahssed that way and gave me the fatal curse of ambition—that and the knowledge that some fine day I should meet the Spirit of Tragedy face to face—"

"I know," sighed Mademoiselle soothingly. "But if I get for us now five hundred a week between us, you make a fool of the evil fairy and put the mustard on her nose—"

At least the five hundred a week came true. Fifty of this was to go to Jocko, who was to look after both seals—Jacques being released from his engagement so that he could realize his ambition of raising rabbits whose fur couldn't be distinguished from chinchilla. This, as you see, left four hundred and fifty dollars a week to be equally divided between Parnelli and Mademoiselle.

"To my way of thinking," said the former in his measured tone, "you have done well in acquiring such a sum of saint-seducing gold."

"Merci, m'sieur," she said, dropping a stage curtsy, her finger at her lip. "Now, if the seals will only do well too."

AS a matter of fact the seals did splendidly—at first. Mademoiselle and Parnelli both continued their old acts—Parnelli still making his entrance as a broken-down old actor giving Gems from Shakespeare—and Mademoiselle appearing from the opposite side as a society girl at Palm Beach who had been followed from the beach by a strange man. New bits of business were added here and there. For instance:

Parnelli: "Followed from the beach, you say?"

Mlle.: "Yes! By a strange man. He followed me out of the water. And nearly bit my calf!"

Parnelli: "Ah! The prodigal son. Describe him, mademoiselle."

Mlle.: "Oh, he looks ver' distinguish'. R-round—and dark—and handsome—and with a luffly mustache—"

Which was the cue for Old Bill to come scuffling on—a straw hat balanced on his head, a bamboo cane held jauntily under his flipper. If you had been there, however, carefully observing, you might have noticed that instead of watching Mademoiselle, whom he was supposed to be following, Old Bill kept his north eye on Juliet—an eye which seemed to say, "Mark me well, my little one; this is real acting which you are watching now!"

Parnelli: "A masher, as I live, fair lady; but fear thee not; I'll stone him from thy sight."

Finding no stone on the stage, he threw a ball instead—throwing it cleverly so that Juliet could raise her sleek young head and first stop it and then balance it with her nose. And again if you had been there, show after

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"Ah, mon ami!" breathed Mademoiselle, "you are the wonderful artist—I know not how to speak"

show, you might have noticed that Juliet gradually introduced new bits of business too—sometimes letting the ball bounce on the back of her neck; cuffing it into the air with her flipper; slapping her tail on the stage in time to the music—and when she finally tossed the ball back to her master and was rewarded by her bit of fish, she too did the north-eye trick: glancing at Old Bill as though to say, "Lummox from the sticks that you are, juggle like that if you can!"

"Competition is good for our furry pets," said Parnelli one evening after the matinée. "Did you notice the pride of Old Bill when he introduced his new trick of balancing his cane on his nose?"

"Yes," said Mademoiselle quickly, "but Jocko mus' teach Juliet a new trick too or she will be jealous."

For she had already shown signs of it. When the revue first started, for instance, and the audience applauded Old Bill, Juliet had clapped her flippers too, as though in generous participation. But bit by bit her applause had grown more perfunctory, until finally it ceased altogether. And the second time Old Bill did his trick with the walking stick Juliet spoiled the effect first by yawning loudly and then by doing her merry-go-round act, using her tail as a pivot and gleefully roaring in accompaniment.

"She certainly killed his act," said her master after the show.

"So—like a human," nodded Mademoiselle sadly. "A pity too; one expects so much from a seal."

"Evil associations corrupt good manners," said Parnelli, paraphrasing the old saw.

"Ah, mon ami," sighed Mademoiselle. "This professional jealousy—you and I mus' never descend to such."

He smiled at the serious young face across the restaurant table—a smile which soon aroused a gentle echo.

"Don't worry," he told her; and although he didn't say it—this of course would be expecting too much—his glance seemed to add, "So far as I'm concerned, you're nearly as good as I am; and I think you're beginning to guess the way I feel."

At least Juliet was possibly beginning to guess it. More than once, while watching her master with adoring eyes, she might have seen that he was watching Mademoiselle in much the same way; and once when Juliet began crabbing Mademoiselle's act by doing the merry-go-round and roaring gayly, the Great Parnelli went quickly to her and slapped her furry face. Poor Juliet! She choked her noise with something like a sob; and a minute later, when it was time to do her drum trick, it might have been a funeral march that she was beating—a suspicion of tears in her round, brown eyes.

THE climax of the act was the diving—Mademoiselle and Old Bill cutting the water of the tank side by side without a ripple. The swan dive, the scissor-hook, the front somersault, the back somersault—they did them all in perfect harmony, the lady and the seal. Old Bill always fancied himself—always trumpeted proudly—after his diving act; and whether or not it was to show him that anyone could do it, one night after the final dive, while Mademoiselle and Old Bill were swimming around in the glass tank together, Juliet managed to shuffle her way up the runway unobserved. She looked down over the edge, and whatever thoughts might have flashed through her mind, she launched herself through the air and landed squarely on the back of Mademoiselle. There was a cry, a shout, a quickly descending curtain, and when they lifted Mademoiselle out of the tank, the Great Parnelli knew that at last he had suddenly come face to face with the Spirit of Tragedy—and that in a comic revue.

MLLE. FIFI lay in a cast at St. Clement's Hospital—and for the first time in two weeks a touch of color relieved the whiteness of her cheeks. On one side of her bed was a table covered with flowers, and on the other was a chair in which sat the Great Parnelli—dressed to honor the occasion in his braided cutaway and striped trousers, to say nothing of such accessories as his gold-headed stick and fawn-colored spats.

"Well!" said Mademoiselle, turning her eyes a little but not her head. "And so at last they let us speak together. You come ever' day, they tell me."

"Yes."

"And send me soch pretty flowers! Ah, mon ami; I know from the first I see you that you have a soul."

"God bless you," said the Great Parnelli.

"They tell me I must be here for long time now," she continued. "They tell you that too?"

"Yes," he said. "Your back is strained, and you must be quiet while it mends and grows strong again."

"And you, of course, go on with the act. I suppose that Jocko helps you; is it not so? And how is Ol' Bill—and—and Juliet?"

"To tell you the truth," he said, after a moment's pause, "I haven't seen them for a few days. I have given up the act. They are both quite well, though—er—I believe."

Still she didn't turn her head, but her rounded eyes were eloquent with amazement.

"You have give' up the act?" she asked him. "You—you believe—"

"Yes," he somewhat shortly answered; "I—I never want to see Juliet again."

"But why?"

"Because she knew what she was doing when she jumped on you."

For as long as it might take you to count ten Mlle. Fifi was silent.

"I know she jump'—yes," she said at last. "The nurse she read it to me in a paper. But to hurt me on a purpose. I do not think a seal could be so human."

"I do," said the other sternly. "In any event, dear lady, I have given up the act, and have put them in the Zoo."

"But will they like it—in the Zoo?" she asked.

"Fear not," said he. "They are doing their tricks up there—the hit of the town—and when I saw what popularity was theirs, I insisted that Jocko should be taken on as keeper. He wears a cap with 'Keeper' on it; and coming out of the wings at last—at lahst—I doubt if he was ever happier in his life."

Mademoiselle smiled—smiled and closed her eyes.

"But you," she said. "Without Juliet—tell me what you do?"

He made a proud gesture with his gold-headed stick.

"I am booked at lahst with Kenneth Forrester," he told her. "You have heard of K. F., of course, and his famous company. They play Shakespeare, Rostand and a few of the other immortals. I'm stahting in as an understudy in Cyrano de Bergerac—that and a small part as servant in a tavern. But out of tiny acorns the mightiest oaks do grow. With (*Continued on page 36*)

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Tennessee for Hoover

By Walter

Luke Lea, maker of governors, is said to long for Smith's defeat

Collier's asked Walter Davenport to visit the politically doubtful states. The important idea was of course to find out what the voters therein were thinking and how their votes were tending.

Here you have what he found in Missouri and Tennessee. He avoided the conventional ways, wasting no time with governors and mayors. Rather he talked to ward leaders, precinct workers, Anti-Saloon League agents and other workaday politicians.

And now Mr. Davenport has departed for Illinois and Wisconsin. What he finds there will come later.

IN MISSOURI, come November, about a million and a quarter citizens of that useful state are going to the polls to vote wet and dry.

There are other issues, to be sure, but important as they may be they have been lost in the terrific din which inevitably ensues when, for example, the boys in the taproom downstairs insist upon making a night of it and the other occupants of the house, upstairs, demand that they be permitted to sleep.

In such situations it is usually the sleep-seekers who lose, particularly if the professional guardians of law and order are tolerantly inclined and not above a glass of beer themselves.

It will be apparent as I set down here my impressions of the political outlook in Missouri that my examinations into conditions there fetched me to the belief that Alfred E. Smith will carry that state at the elections. And that is as it should be, for such indeed is the conclusion at which I arrived. But when the state of Tennessee steps out to register her choice for President no such issue generally will inspire her voting. Tennessee is dry—politically anyway. I don't know in how many of Tennessee's ninety-odd counties one would be unable to get corn "likker" in quantities satisfactory to the most enthusiastic drinker; but I am convinced, having gone over the ground, that in Tennessee a

Bishop Du Bose is a powerful Hoover rooter in Tennessee

man's drinking has absolutely nothing to do with his ability to vote dry. Not that this sets Tennessee apart.

In Nashville, for example, I had a pleasant but somewhat rambling chat with the Republican leader of a ward which has never gone Republican and which probably never will. He was an amiable gentleman, quite drunk.

"This state," said he, narrowly avoiding a nasty spill when he tried nonchalantly to lean against a post twenty feet away, "is dry. It's more'n that; it's Christian. Why, my dear sir, I shall never forget to my dying day the look on the face of my dear old mother when I told her that the great Democratic party—the party of my father and my grandfather and all the rest of them—was in favor of likker. I had to wait a week before I dared tell that sainted lady that he was a Catholic too. I thought I was going to lose her, sir. To think, after all these years, the great Democratic party, the party of Andrew Jackson and others, would do that to us."

Laws Shall Not Be Nullified

There was much more of it, but I give you the substance of his sorrow. His explanation of his own defection from the party of his sires was purely a commercial one. I forget the details, but the Democrats had done him wrong.

For a Republican leader his enthusiasm for Mr. Hoover was not hot. He wore celluloid buttons proclaiming the names of his party's nominees on his necktie, his hat band and on both lapels but not once did he utter a kind word for Mr. Hoover. Instead he devoted the time to argument against Mr. Smith. What a calamity the wet Mr. Smith's success would be. Not only wet but (in a whisper) a Roman Catholic.

Therefore in November, as a Republican leader and a militant American who intends to see to it that the laws of this land of ours shall not be nullified—anyway, not by a wet Tammanyite who, to make things worse, is a Catholic—he will vote against Alfred E. Smith. And he will have large company. He will have the satisfaction of knowing that the Democrats—the party of his fathers—will be with him in large volume in Tennessee. Something to look forward to.

I don't know in what numbers the people of Tennessee are going to the polls, although I think they will quite outdo themselves. But I believe firmly that while they may very well elect Harry Horton governor and return Kenneth D. McKellar to the United States Senate, both being dry and Democrats although of opposing factions, they will give the state's twelve electoral votes to Herbert Hoover. Not that I found any considerable Hoover enthusiasm anywhere in Tennessee but because I saw (except in Memphis, where the highly efficient Ed Crump decides) so much anti-Smith, anti-Tammany and anti-Catholic shuddering.

The Missouri situation is far more complex than Tennessee's, where the "anti" vote or the "against" vote is so large as to concentrate the preëlection talk. The intolerance I observed in Tennessee was far thinner in Missouri, where it exists only in geographically narrow streaks. And even where it exists in Missouri it does not seem so virulent, so obliterating of other factors and issues.

In Missouri the populace used the August primaries to clear the air of some of the dust which obscured the horizon. For example, it got rid of Senator James A. Reed as a political power.

The major issue in the Democratic primaries for United States senator was not prohibition, not Al Smith, not Herbert Hoover, not even party. It was just Jim Reed.

It is entirely possible that Charles M. Hay, the St. Louis lawyer whom the Democrats nominated for Jim Reed's seat, might have beaten James A. Collet, Senator Reed's man, in any circumstance. But that isn't the point.

His Temper Did It

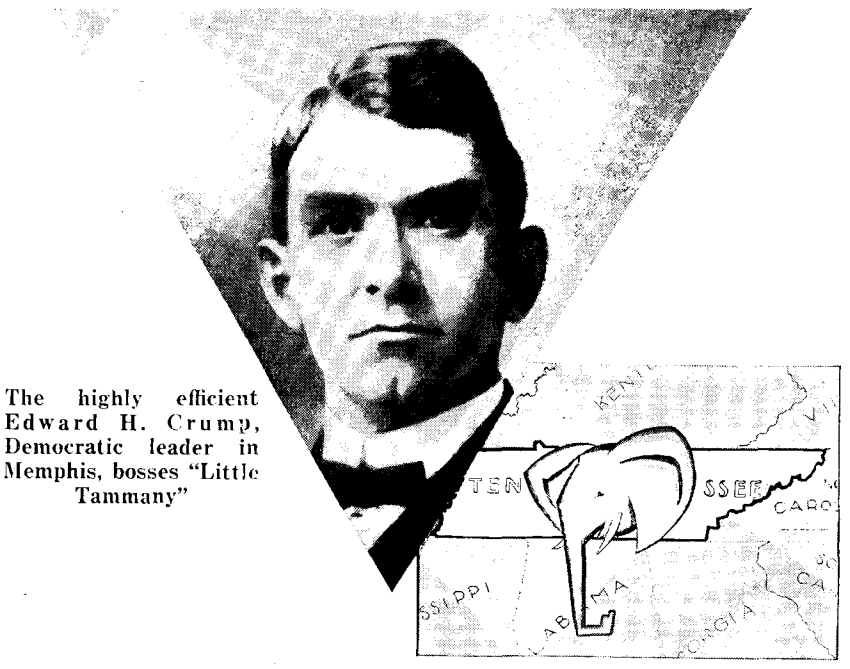
Mr. Collet was overwhelmingly defeated by a hybrid wave of dry votes, wet votes and unclassified votes. But all anti-Reed votes. Into Mr. Hay's victory went thousands of wet votes which once were Jim Reed's. And the principal reason for this repudiation of the once great man was that he was unable to hold his temper. That and his poor sportsmanship.

Before we go into that, however, it seems meet and right that we should set straight the wet and dry results of the primaries—Republican and Democratic.

To the country at large went the bare facts that the wet Jim Reed had been repudiated at the polls and that the dry Charles Hay had been enthusiastically nominated. And the reader was left to draw his own conclusions—that Missouri Democrats had decided that the Volstead Act was a highly desirable bit of legislation and that anyone who blatantly scoffed at it or menaced it would be similarly treated in November.

But not at all.

For governor the Democrats of Missouri nominated Francis M. Wilson, who, while noncommittal on the liquor question, was refused the endorsement of the Anti-Saloon League because it is generally accepted that he is liberal. He is not dry. He has vociferously announced his adherence to the national ticket. I have it from the St. Louis offices of the Anti-Saloon League that



The highly efficient Edward H. Crump, Democratic leader in Memphis, bosses "Little Tammany"

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-Missouri for Smith Davenport

he is no favorite of that industrious and efficient organization. The Anti-Saloon League was working hard for Alfred L. McCawley, whom Mr. Wilson defeated for the nomination. Mr. McCawley is the author of Missouri's prohibition enforcement law. But he got quite a sizeable beating. Just about 200,000.

On the Republican side, Roscoe C. Patterson won the nomination for United States senator. He dismisses the wet and dry issue neatly, saying that he is strong for the enforcement of laws and that the Kansas City platform suits him. But the Anti-Saloon League demands something more definite, so withholds the frank accolade.

The Republican nominee for governor, Henry S. Caulfield, is likewise reticent regarding what he would do if modification of the Volstead Act were within his power. But the state regards him as a Wet.

So it must be apparent that the victory of Mr. Hay over Senator Reed's choice for his own successor does not commit Missouri to the dry side.

All that it signifies is, as I have written, that Missouri was hound-dog tired of Jim Reed.

Mr. Hay is more than a Dry although he is as dry as Bishop Cannon. And honestly dry too. He began making speeches for prohibition at the tender age of fifteen. He is the current boss of Missouri's Democratic party. As a matter of truth he has been the boss for several years and it is to him that Jim Reed owes his political demise.

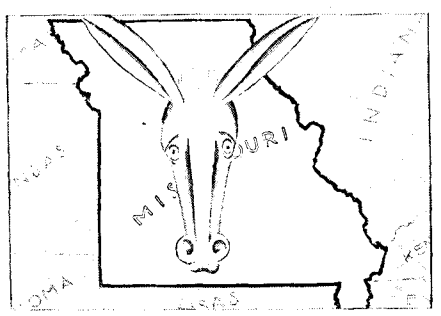
Reed fancied himself the Democratic dictator until 1924 when Hay decided that the senator ought to build himself another political raft, that the Reed planks—anti-Woodrow Wilson, anti-League of Nations and anti-prohibition—were about worked out.

Reed's Star in the Descendent

But Reed, whose chief strength was from St. Louis and the wet contiguous counties where the German population is large and Republican, insisted upon fighting from the old raft. And just to show him who was boss Mr. Hay arranged that Senator Reed should *not* go to San Francisco as a candidate for the nomination.

And Senator Reed didn't. He didn't have the Missouri delegation.

Since then Jim Reed's star has been in the descendent. His hatred (the right word is used) for Hay destroyed his judgment to such an extent that he based his subsequent campaigning in Missouri upon mud-slinging and vituperation, Mr. Hay being the target. Even Senator Jim's aim was affected by his fury. Mr. Hay emerged unmuddled and unmudded.



Cleverly, when it became a question whether Senator Jim should go to Houston, Tex., as a candidate, Hay said "Yes."

"Yes," said he to the state committee, "let's send Jim. He's been around campaigning, if you'd call it that, and it would be no more than a pleasant gesture to him to give him the delegation. We already know who's going to be nominated, but—"

So Senator Reed, a bit mollified, fared forth to Houston talking peace. He was for harmony within Missouri's borders. What the country needed, said he, was a united Democracy—Missouri particularly—and he, for one, was for it. He was wet and Hay was dry; but what of that? It would all be the same in November.

Just a Lone Vote

Now, as incredible as it may seem, Senator Reed went to Houston still convinced that his chances of winning the nomination for President were healthy.

He left the convention hall mortally offended. He had been shunted aside by the Smith plow. As far as that convention was caring, Jim Reed of Missouri was just a lone vote. And it didn't make very much difference what he did with that vote either.

The convention adjourned, he fell back to his old position. His old hatred of Charlie Hay erupted and he issued several statements and speeches in which he likened Hay to Tom Heflin of Alabama and warned Missouri and the country that the success of Hay at the primaries would mean a repudiation of Al Smith and of the Democratic party. He said many other things reflecting upon Mr. Hay's political worth. And Charlie Hay smiled serenely because he knew political hara-kiri when he saw it.

Never had Senator Jim's attacks upon mortal political enemy been so virulent. And he didn't sense that Missouri was fond of Hay and was tired to death of Reed's personal animosities. When a lad does this in the ring they say he has "chucked his nut." And the result is always disaster.

Mr. Hay paid as little attention to Jim Reed's attacks as possible. He went about the state urging Democrats to come forth and vote the whole Democratic ticket in the primaries and in November. He urged them to accept the Houston results and be Democrats to the end. He was dry and Al Smith was wet, he said, but they were both Democrats and that was the important thing.

Not a word against Jim Reed, mind you. Not an answer to Jim Reed's attacks which were not (and probably could not be) directed against his personal character. Mr. Hay appears to be as upright a politician as the state possesses.

Charles M. Hay, the St. Louis lawyer, nominated for Jim Reed's seat, is more than a Dry

In August the Missouri populace ditched Senator James A. Reed as a political power

Of course he could afford to smile. In Collet, Senator Reed had picked a man so weak that Mr. Collet hardly carried wet St. Louis and his wetness was his whole platform. When a wet can't carry St. Louis he's weak.

"For the first time in his political life," said an Anti-Saloon League official to me, "we are grateful to Jim Reed. Indeed we should like to send him a letter of congratulation and thanks. He put over Missouri's outstanding dry leader for us. Not only is Mr. Hay our staunchest Dry but he is also our most important lay member of the Methodist Church South. At last Jim Reed has been our friend. Well, well, well—"

In Missouri the Democratic party is the dry party. It doesn't amount to much in St. Louis, which is vigorously Republican and, as I have said, overwhelmingly wet. That its wetness is stronger than its Republicanism is to be seen in that it gave to the wet Reed, a Democrat, the votes which elected him in 1922. Its wet Republican vote likewise elected Senator Harry Hawes, a Democrat. And with Al Smith in sight St. Louis is wetter than ever, which is to say that Mr. Smith will carry St. Louis and her neighboring counties by a large majority and that it is wholly likely that they will break a few records in their enthusiasm.

Will They Vote or Stay Home?

In the valley of the Missouri River, which rambles sluggishly across the center of the state from Kansas City, you'll find the bulk of Missouri's Democrats. You will also find that the vast majority of these hard-working and frequently quite prosperous people are still willing—nay, anxious—to rally in large numbers and give over whole evenings to cheering the name of Woodrow Wilson. And how they despise Jim Reed!

And they are as dry as Charlie Hay, who once, by the way, was the lawyer for the Anti-Saloon League and who did not take the stump for Senator Harry Hawes, formerly attorney for the St. Louis brewers, until he had the permission of the Anti-Saloon League. The Anti-Saloon League sanctioned Mr. Hay's advocacy of Hawes, a Wet of course, because it recognized his power among the Wilson Democrats in the Missouri Valley and these Missouri Valley Democrats are the support of the Anti-Saloon League.

They are not only dry but they are Protestant. But above all else they are Democrats. They are the descendants of Kentucky and Virginia immigrants who began to trickle west as early as 1850 to engage in bushwhacking battles with the abolitionists (for they had fetched slaves with them) and later to join the Confederacy's armies. Why, for five years after the end of the Civil War the Confederate flag flew with the Stars and Stripes over the court house in Clay County.

Democrats always but dry and Protestant (Baptists and Methodists), the question is: Will they vote the national Democratic ticket? Or will they stay at home? It is as certain as anything in politics is certain that they will not vote Republican.

But Mr. Hay cannot win a seat in the United States Senate without these votes, which, clever as he is at the game of politics, is a facer even for him. Of course these Democrats can scratch the Al Smith name and vote only for Hay, but he knows the danger of those tactics. He cannot go up and down the state advocating such (*Continued on page 42*)

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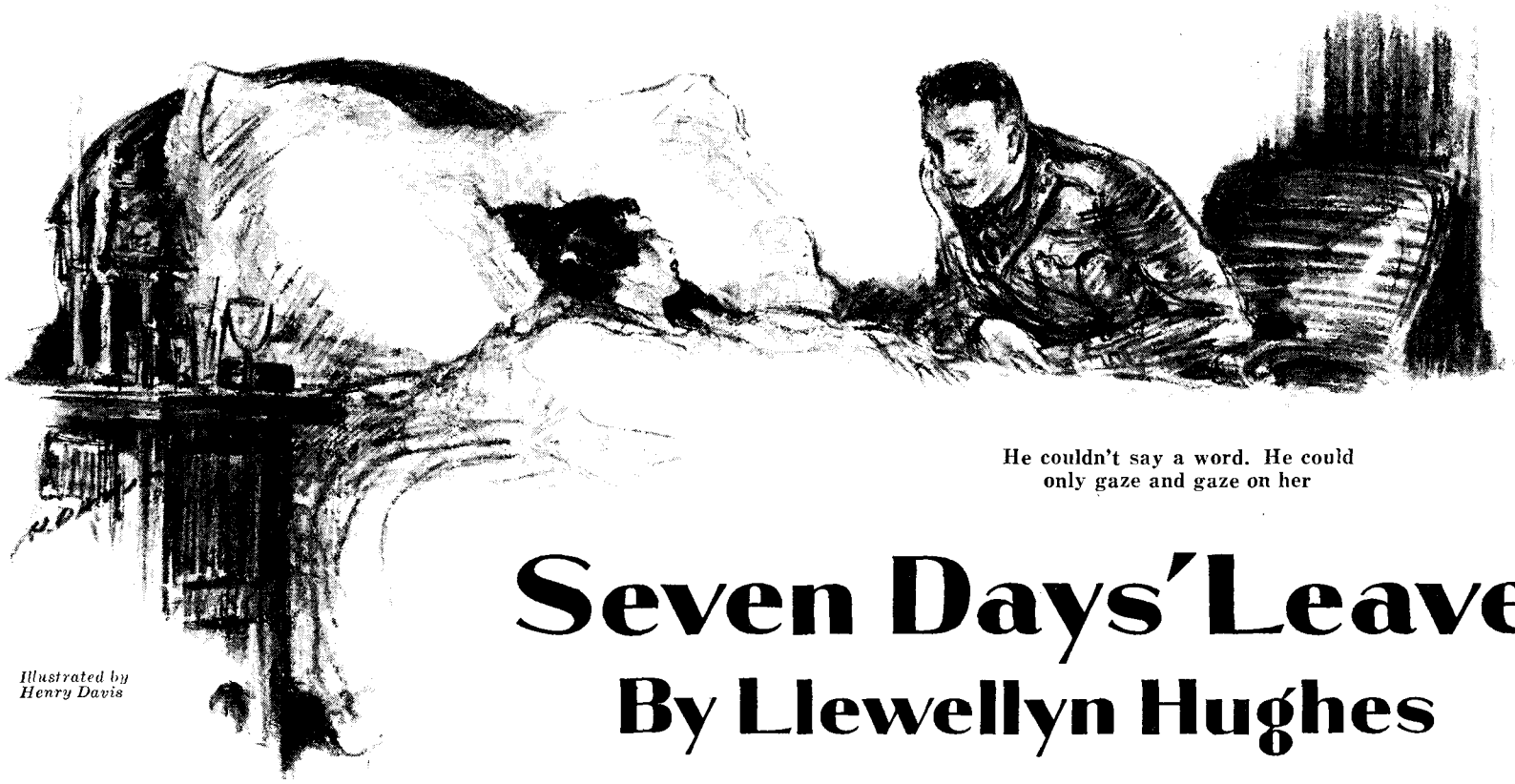

He couldn't say a word. He could only gaze and gaze on her

Seven Days' Leave

By Llewellyn Hughes

Illustrated by Henry Davis

An intense and stirring story of a life which was born in the midst of war, destruction and death, and grimly welcomed by the blare of a London air raid

THE troop train had come to a stop about two hundred yards outside Victoria. In the twilight of the late afternoon the fog seemed yellow, coagulated and impenetrable. The men packing the train were leaning out of the carriage windows and singing like madmen. They had been singing all the way from Folkestone:

Take me back to dear old Blighty,
Put me on the train for London town;
Take me over there, drop me anywhere,
Petticoat Lane or Regent Street—well,
I don't care.

Back for a week's leave in London after seven months' fighting on the Somme, Vimy, and the hellish salient Ypres. London with her cheery homefires, her pubs and free-and-easy women, her great protective masonry, her music halls and fish-and-chips and blinking yellow fog. London!

A train load of men ravenous to spend every minute of their precious leave in a riot of forgetfulness; men hungry for a change of food, hungry for the sight of a girl in tights, hungry for the feel of a soft waist, hungry for a clean and comfortable bed. Straight from the trenches, their boots mud-crusted, their uniforms spotted and stained, lousy of shirt and underwear, unshaven, begrimed, the echo of violent death waxed in their eardrums, the stench of rotting bodies in their nostrils; men drunken with animal instinct, dynamic, crazy-eyed, laughing, shouting, cursing, mad with excitement on the threshold of a week's respite from the shambles of war.

Petticoat Lane or Regent Street—well, I don't care.

In the center of the train was a carriage reserved for officers. They, too, bore the imprint of war and were not quite comfortable: lice are no respecters of a khaki shirt be it worn by colonel, subaltern or sergeant.

Captain Redfern, draining the last drop of whisky from a "dead soldier," flung it recklessly out of the window. In the fog it smashed somewhere against a stone wall.

"Four dam' hours coming from Folkestone," he swore. "And now—here we are—stuck outside Victoria. Come on, Howard—let's get out and walk."

Captain Howard moistened his pale, thin lips—moistened them nervously. A smile came and went in eyes that were gray, worried and inexpressibly soft and gentle.

"No," decided Major Bittel, favoring Howard with a heavy wink. "If she can't wait an extra hour for you, Redfern—it's an odds-on bet she's been unfaithful. Ha, ha, ha!"

"An hour?" vociferated the captain. "I tell you I expected to take her to lunch. Look at the time!" He thrust his wrist under the major's broad and florid face. "Six o'clock! I'll have to phone her the minute we get into the blasted station."

"Well, what we need first of all is a stiff whisky and soda. Eh, Howard?"

AGAIN a faint smile was Howard's only answer. His clear-cut profile, his pallor, the sensitiveness of his serious lips were in decided contrast with the reddened and somewhat coarse features of the major and the round, eager, intensely boyish face of Captain Redfern.

"I'm going to let myself go," promised Redfern defiantly. "I'm going to see life—with and without boots on." He laughed impulsively. "Make merry while the sun shines. Eh, Bittel? What say, Howard? Eat, drink and make love like the deuce from the very drop of the hat. Raise hell everywhere. Get the most out of life while we may. Don't forget the old motto, boys," he hollered jubilantly: "Here today and gone tomorrow. Don't let a drink go to waste. Don't let a girl go unkissed. In another week we may all be goners. Eh, Howard?"

Howard nodded.

There were four other officers in the compartment, slumped over in postures of exhausted sleep. Playfully Redfern grabbed hold of an inert lieutenant and shook him prodigiously until the boy opened his bloodshot eyes.

"London! You ruddy ass!" he screamed at him. "London! Or almost London—anyway. Wake up, you dam' fool! London! London!"

Redfern and Howard, both in their middle twenties, belonged to the same infantry regiment. For seven months—except for periods of days when the battalion had been taken out on rest—they had lived through the inferno that was Ypres, had been stalked by death every moment of the day and night. They had seen their colonel come and go and watched the short career of the man who succeeded him. They had won promotion not only by reason of gallantry. Ypres gormandized on officers. The battalion had offered sixty of them and twelve times that many men. Hundreds remained where they fell, joining thousands that lay out in the open, beyond reach of recovery, reported missing, and wanting decent burial. A carnival of slaughter in the midst of which men laughed and cried and sang their native songs and wrote letters to their loved ones and won medals for heroic deeds and met death bravely.

The Ypres salient. Up ahead, where Captain Howard and Redfern spent their last remaining hours, the sector was completely pocketed. At night, in the east, north, south and west, the German Very lights lampooned the wretched place and did it very prettily too with gayly lifting reds and blues and greens and yellows to the music of machine gun, crashing shell and shrieks of tortured men. Yes, Ypres was a carnival; a carnival of bloodshed to save the world for democracy and keep the channel ports out of the hands of the enemy.

Imperceptibly the troop train began crawling into the station, urged on by the roaring of a thousand anxious men.

Redfern, his bright eyes dancing, was excited as a boy of ten. He attempted to half-Nelson Major Bittel. "Come to Maxim's tonight," he exulted, "and you'll see her with me. The most beautiful thing in London. Angela. That's her name. She's like an angel, too. Fair hair, eyes like stars, a red, laughing mouth—oh! baby!"

THE major roughed him. "Why don't you marry the poor girl?" he grunted.

"Come to Maxim's—late this evening. You and Howard. I want you to see her. You must see her."

"Can't," said Bittel. "There's a little girl called Josie. And after I've seen her I must get that Edinburgh express—tomorrow or the next day." He explained the matter in a deep barytone. "My wife may miss me," he sang.

"Well, how about you, Howard. You'll come, won't you? Let's all take our girls to Maxim's tonight. What say? Have a hell of a time—the whole lot of us—get roaring drunk and— What say, Howard?"

"I won't promise, old man."

Major Bittel turned to him. "What's the lady's name?" he inquired.

"Lois." A little color spotted Howard's cheeks.

"Ah—Lois!" Good-naturedly, the gallant major tasted it on his tongue for sweetness and delectability. "Well, let's drink to 'em," he roared. "Angela, Josie, Lois. Let's drink to 'em—as soon as we reach a bar."

"The dam' bar's closed. Let's dash up to the Army and Navy."

"Yes," said Bittel, "let's all do that." The train was drawing into the station. Redfern became hilarious.

"London! London! London!" he kept shouting, his head out of the carriage window. "Good old Blighty!"

Instantly the platform was a bedlam of running, shouting, bellowing men; the hobnails of their heavy boots adding to the din.

"Good old Blighty!"

White, anxious faces of women. Wild and agonized eyes—searching, searching. The perfervid embrace of lovers, father and son, brothers, man and wife. The piteous cries of a long-deferred welcome.

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"All right, fellows. If I don't see you at Maxim's—I'll see you at the club tomorrow. Will you, Howard? Will you?" Captain Redfern didn't even wait for an answer. He was fighting for a gangway to the nearest telephone booth.

"Let's find a drink," panted Bittel. His rank counted for little here. In the swirl of home-coming men he was being buffeted about like a boatman.

"Thanks," Captain Howard shook his head. "I'm a little anxious to—" The avalanche of milling men, boiling khaki swept them away.

"Well, we'll all meet here one week from tonight," the major yelled after him. "The train leaves at eleven o'clock. Don't forget."

"If only some of us could forget," sobbed a woman, her thin arms convulsively clutching a gaunt, emaciated corporal.

Burdened only by his haversack and mud-laden trench coat Captain Howard struggled toward the underground entrance. He bought a two-penny ticket, rode for some twenty-five minutes in the deep security of the tube, and got out at Bromley. The fog had lifted. It promised to be a cool night. He walked hurriedly along the Mile End Road, turned up Morningside Avenue, and rang the doorbell of the soot-blackened, three-story building that was his home.

His mouth was exhausted of all moisture. His pulse had quickened as it invariably did the few seconds before zero hour and a shrill whistle sent him over the—

THE door opened. A little London slavey, thin as a hairpin, with wistful eyes, hollow black eyes like two burnt holes in a dead-white, rather oblong face, stood looking up at him. She reminded Howard of a poodle. He had not seen her before. Then he remembered that Lois had written him about changing her maid. This was the new one.

He brushed by her. "I'm Captain Howard." His voice was thick, almost brutal. "Where's—where's—?"

"Oh, sir." Immediately the little thing was in a panic; hands twisting her apron, shoulders jerking. "Did you just come 'ome from the war, like?" she piped.

The blood had rushed to his head. He gave a great shout: "Lois! Lois!"

"Oh, please, sir—please don't, sir. You'll frighten 'er, sir." The girl's eyes were popping out of her head.

Howard turned on her ferociously. "What are you trying to say to me?" he thundered. "Where is she?" he demanded.

"Oh, sir—upstairs, sir. In bed, sir. The doctor's with 'er. She's going to 'ave a little baby, like—if you understand me, sir."

He stared at her. "God!" he said. "I didn't think it would be so—so soon."

"No, sir—it come on 'er all of a sudding, like."

He let his haversack fall from his shoulder, went slowly up the stairs. His legs were trembling. The banister seemed to have no substance under his fingers.

The white-robed figure of a nurse stood in the dark of the landing.

"Captain Howard?"

He looked at her.

"I'm Nurse Robson," she smiled. "Your wife knows you are here, Captain—and it made her very happy. But Doctor Ordewing thinks it advisable that you don't go in for the present."

"Is she—?"

"In about an hour or two—possibly. I think—if you wait downstairs—it might be less of an ordeal for you. Essie could get you something to eat."

"I'LL—I'll wait here. I'll sit here." Howard slumped into a chair. "I—I didn't know—" he was stammering.

"Don't worry, Captain. She is bearing up remarkably well—and a premature baby is not so unusual, you know. Possibly the excitement of your coming—one can't tell." With a charitable hand she touched his shoulder strap. "Wouldn't you be a little more comfortable—downstairs?" she suggested.

"I—I'll wait here." He lifted a pleading, white face. "If you don't mind," he said.

And there he stayed, in the growing dark, in the absolute hush that pervaded the house. There wasn't a sound anywhere. It frightened him. Shuddering a little, he rose and went on tiptoe in the direction of his wife's room. Halfway, he hesitated, turned, and tiptoed back.

A blob of light appeared down below. It came from a candle, set on a serving tray. The tray contained dishes from which rose little clouds of steam. Essie, her poodle face twisted from her efforts to keep the tray perfectly level, came painfully up the stairs.

"I went and cooked yer a nice chop, sir," she squeaked. "Seeing as 'ow you came out of the trenches, I thought you'd be a bit 'ungry, like."

Howard's face was drawn, haggard. "Not just now," he said. "Thank you just the same."

"Come on, sir," she begged piteously. "A cup of 'ot tea will put a bit of 'eart into you—as you might say. And be awful careful with the light—won't you, sir? On account of them there hair raids."

"Air raids?"

"We keep 'aving 'em all the time, sir. When the moon is up, like."

He continued to stare at her until the little creature went awkwardly down the stairs.

The tea-cup ceased to give off steam. The chop grew cold. There was a slight movement to the left and a short little man appeared within the candlelight. Howard sprang to his feet.

"Is it all over?"

Doctor Ordewing shook his head. "Another hour, perhaps." His eyes were actually twinkling as he lit a cigarette. "What's the news from the front?" he asked casually.

The grim and terrifying performance held Howard spellbound

Howard ignored the question. "Is she in great pain?" he said.

"A woman can't bear a child without pain," was the reply. "In an hour's time everything will be all right. Come now, Captain—you're hardly living up to the stories I hear of you. A man with the Military Cross to his credit—accustomed to the trenches—" The little doctor permitted himself a chuckle. "Pretty bad over there, isn't it?"

Howard didn't reply. A far-distant, ominous *boom* had reverberated through the dark immensity of London. It was followed by a heavy *crump, crump* not half a mile away. At once the night was a concert of sharp and muffled explosions.

Howard was rigid. "Can't we move her downstairs somewhere?" he said hoarsely.

"I don't think that would be wise."

"But surely to God," was the cry, "we can't let her stay up here! We must do something!"

THE little doctor displayed an astonishing calm. "We're out of their path," he said. "So far as I know no bombs have ever fallen in this vicinity. They're after Woolwich Arsenal and the railway centers—miles away." He strode in the direction of the bedroom. "If you'll excuse me," he said.

Howard walked back and forth, accelerating his pace as the firing grew more threatening. Suddenly he darted off at a tangent and entered his own room. The window shade was drawn. Flinging it up he gazed out into the brilliant and hideous spectacle of a London air raid. Like a myriad fireflies high explosives played everywhere.

The grim and terrifying performance held Howard spellbound. A near-by anti-aircraft battery opened up. The bark of its quick-firing gun was fiendish. The windowpanes rattled. Somewhere a bomb whirred down. Its crash shook the house to its foundations. A piece of shell splinter hit the roof, dislodged a slate, went screeching into the garden. Another anti-aircraft gun, apparently right outside in the avenue, commenced firing.

Howard hurried out of the room, ran along the corridor, and listened by his wife's door. The reports from the gun outside rang deafeningly through the house. Half-crazed, he ran down the stairs. The idea of fixing up a couch in the cellar and carrying his wife down there regardless of all consequences helped him enormously. He rushed into the kitchen. A candle was flickering on the mantelpiece. Essie's head popped out from under the dresser. Terror added to the general homeliness of her pinched little visage.

"'Ave you come for an-another chop, sir?" she trembled.

"Help me get this couch down to the cellar."

"Y-yes, sir." Crab-wise, she crawled out. "I ain't crying because I'm frightened, sir. It's Mrs. 'Oward—'aving a little baby while all this 'ere racket is a-going on. And you, sir—coming 'ome and everything—after fighting in the war—"

The firing in the street ended abruptly, producing the effect of a palpitating silence, a hush broken only by the low roll of distant thunder and Essie's rickety sobbing.

"I think it's all over now, sir," she sniffed, "and (*Continued on page 48*)

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The Slightly Weaker Sex

By Grantland Rice

Eighty-five per cent of the male averages is about all the women can do now. But the Amazons are coming. Clear the way!

The redoubtable Helen Wills hits the ball as hard as most men could hope to hit it

WATCHING the redoubtable Helen Wills deliver a number of powerful and accurate thrusts across the net an inquiring bystander had this to say—"I wonder how many games she could take in a three-set match against Lacoste, Tilden or Cochet?"

Miss Wills, on that occasion, was hitting the ball about as hard as most men could hope to hit it—and just as accurately as most of the male stars. But while she can beat any number of first class male tennis players, her outlook against a Lacoste or a Tilden would be none too bright in a scoring way.

In the recent rush of women to competitive sports it has been interesting to see just how close they have come to matching the men. Tennis is a hard game from which to draw any comparisons, but in other sports where time and distance and scores can be more clearly shown the open chart rates women champions about 85 per cent with the men figured at 100. There was the recent 100-meter dash at Amsterdam. Percy Williams, the flying Canadian, won the men's event in 10 4/5 seconds. Miss Elizabeth Robinson, the young American runner who won the same event in the women's division turned in a record of 12 1/5 seconds.

Williams therefore beat the best time of the women by 1 2/5 seconds. The male sprinter had hit the tape at 100 meters about the time Miss Robinson had completed 85 meters, or thereabouts.

The world's 100-meter record for men is 10 3/5 seconds, which is 1 3/5 faster than any woman has yet covered this stretch of ground.

The best of the male high jumpers, under the modern system, are well satisfied with 6½ feet. That will always win. Eighty-five per cent of this height is around 5½ feet and that is the best any woman has done to date in lifting her lithe form over the crossbar. So the 85 per cent average so far seems to work out well enough at running and leaping.

They Can't Beat the Human Fish

In spite of the fact that women swimmers seem to be breaking world's records of their own every other week, they are still farther behind the best male swimmers than their sprinters are back of masculine runners.

In the recent Olympic tests Johnny Weismuller equaled the Olympic record, free style, at 100 meters in the fast time of 58 3/5 seconds. On the same day Miss Albina Osipowich of Worcester set a new record for women at 100 meters in 1 minute and 11 seconds. It had taken her 71 seconds against Weismuller's 58 3/5, which left the fierce-stroking male star with an advantage of 12 2/5 seconds over the sprinting route. As Weismuller passed the finish line in his race Miss Osipowich had barely streaked through the water near the 80-meter mark. Beaten by nearly 13 seconds, she would have been beaten over 20 meters if she had entered against Chicago's human fish, who seems to get out on top of the water and travel by air through the last twenty yards of a race.

So in this department the best of the women swimmers don't quite make the 80 per cent mark in comparison with the best of the men. Agnes Geraghty, Martha Norelius, Ethel Lackie and others have improved swimming marks enormously in recent years, but they still have a lot of open water to close up before offering any serious rivalry to a Johnny Weismuller or to a George Kojac.

In swimming the English Channel, Gertrude Ederle set a world's record for both sexes at the time, but the record failed to last many weeks before a masculine fish lopped away a flock of minutes.

In most mixed golf tournaments—male and female—the male stars conceded nine strokes with varying results. As a rule the difference, with this handicap, is slight.

Miss Glenna Collett and Miss Maureen Orcutt with Mrs. Miriam Burna Horn have all had 74's in tournament play. It would be hard for any Bobby Jones or Walter Hagen to spot this score 9 strokes. Yet Jones and Hagen have also had their 66's. No male golfer has yet been able to give Joyce Wethered, the British star, 9 strokes and win. But if a match was played from the back tees of a championship course a Bobby Jones would at least have an even chance with this handicap. It might be said that the highest male average for tournament play is around 72.

This is about the best Bobby Jones, Johnny Farrell or Walter Hagen can expect to make. Over championship courses the best that Miss Wethered or Miss Collett or Miss Orcutt or any other woman player could hope to average would be 80 or 81. In a scoring way you see again the women average around 85 per cent as compared with the other sex.

The Arrival of the Amazons

Miss Collett, Miss Wethered and other women stars can hit the ball a long way. Miss Collett once had an eagle 3 on a 545-yard hole, which she reached with a drive and a brassie. But under the same conditions they are still many, many yards back of such long hitters as Jones, Gamber, Finlay and others who get tremendous distance and who will out-carry the best of the women hitters by at least 40 yards.

It is much harder to measure the comparative ranking of men and women at tennis. Miss Wills has won more than one set from members of the first ten or the first fifteen, in exhibition contests. She has beaten any number of first-class male players. In playing mixed doubles she has even handled the cannon-ball service of Bill Tilden without caving in. But against a player of the caliber of Tilden or Lacoste she would be outclassed and there is no way to measure what the disadvantage would be. If you are 20 per cent better than the other party at tennis you can frequently make him—or her—look 60 per cent worse when it comes to points, games and sets. In such games as golf, sprinting, swimming and jumping this extra pressure cannot be directed against an opponent who is given the chance to play his, or her, best game or to make the best time without any hindrance from the stronger side.

Few have realized the increasing interest women have taken lately in competitive sport. During the recent Olympic games a number of French critics were much upset over what they called the "Arrival of an Amazon race" of women. They pictured powerfully built specimens finishing longer races with strained and distorted faces and demanded a curtailment of the harder sports and the longer runs. There is something to be said on the side of the critics. Golf, tennis, swimming, diving, the shorter sprints and other forms of competition are fine things, but women are not yet ready for marathons, football, boxing and wrestling.

Only a few years ago the women were far back of the men in every form of athletic competition. Their improvement in golf and tennis has been remarkable, and it has come over a wide area of play.

The same was true of swimming where year after year coming young stars have cut away old records. Gertrude Ederle was one of the first to chop away many seconds from swimming time and in her wake have come such star performers as Misses Norelius, Geraghty, Lackie and Osipowich.

The same is true of the runners and jumpers. There are now hundreds of girls' schools and girls' training camps where they have correct training under the best instruction possible. It is quite possible that by the next set of Olympic games there will be a girl runner capable of dashing off the 100 meters in something close to 11 seconds. In a few more years the inheritance from athletic mothers will begin to count, for it must be remembered that few of the present generation of women stars have this inheritance to draw upon.

As it is, numerous records already quoted show that the women, or the women champions, have come up to a point approximating 85 per cent of their masculine superiors—in competitive sport. This is a brilliant showing for one generation to make, where twenty years ago the number of women seriously taking up most forms of athletic competition was on the rim of zero. To have moved up from competitive obscurity to within 15 or 20 per cent of the best male range is a showing that tells its own story, whether it leads to a future race of Amazons or not.

Elizabeth Robinson turned in a record at the Olympics

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Beating the Budget

By Elizabeth MacDonald Osborne

If you must dress on a limited amount let each wrap and frock be impersonal but becoming. Make out a clothes budget, but don't let it run you. Keep the upper hand

Jefferson Machamer

THIS is a plea for *making out* a clothes budget, not for living up to it. It's very dull to live up to it rigidly. The advantage comes from making it out. Just as a good bridge player keeps track of the score and the rubbers, so the woman with a budget can consult her piece of paper and see whether she can afford to be rash or must play safe.

My idea of a budget is a check which will tell you what you can afford. Of course you don't have to keep from buying something just because you can't afford it.

The important point is this: If you have made out your budget, you will know that you can't afford to pay, we'll say, $15 for a scarf. But suppose this scarf is extraordinarily beautiful; that it has in it colors which will blend with the colors which you like best and with which you would constantly be wearing it. It will last five years, ten perhaps, or more if you don't lose it, and it will always make your costume distinctive. Of course you should buy it, but you must slice off the extra amount spent on this from some other item. Then you will never run completely out of funds.

Never let a budget run you. Keep the upper hand always. To my way of thinking, it is not so important always to do what seems best as it is to know what you are doing, and therein lies the value of your budget.

A budget is not a serious matter. It's a good game and one which can be played stupidly or skillfully. A few fundamental rules which have been generally accepted are listed below.

If she has no one dependent on her, a business woman can afford to spend 22 per cent of her income on clothes. One of the budget experts has subdivided this total in the following fashion:

51 per cent for coats, dresses, sweaters, blouses and skirts.
24 per cent for hats, shoes and gloves.
20 per cent for lingerie and hosiery.
5 per cent for accessories.

If you are normally healthy, you can slice off part of the health item in your budget for grooming. It is perfectly logical because the knowledge that you are looking well will often keep you from feeling sick. And remember that a well-groomed woman looks well in a bungalow apron, whereas a badly groomed one is not attractive in an expensive gown.

Whatever extra money for these expenses must come out of the clothes budget can best be deducted from the first item. It is far wiser to scrimp yourself on your dresses and coats than on the shoes, hats or other accessories.

Scrimp on Your Dresses

As an example, we'll take a woman who earns $50 a week. Twenty-two per cent of this income is $572. Fifty-one per cent of this would be $292, but we'll deduct 6 per cent of the total for grooming and allow but 45 per cent, or $257, for wraps and dresses. There will be $137 for hats, shoes and gloves; $114 for lingerie and hosiery, $28 for accessories, and $36 for pressing, cleaning, etc.

Everything under the wrap and dress item should be bought to last two years or more. We'll set aside $100 for coats. Every other year she will buy a new winter coat, but $100 or $125 is enough for this. Too much money is spent on winter coats. The alternate years she will buy a spring coat—a good one can be found for $30—a sweater will cost $10 or $12 more. This will leave $50 for an evening wrap. A good-looking one, of black velvet lined with chiffon, can be bought for this amount and will be warm enough in a heated taxi even in the winter. If she must have something warmer for winter, a cape with a warm interlining can always be made by a seamstress, and it too can be kept within this cost if the materials are bought carefully.

Now we've come to the knottiest problem of all. We have left $157 for dresses. This allows six dresses at about $25 apiece. With six left over from the preceding year, it would be ample, but $25 is not enough for a smart winter afternoon dress or the dressy office-dress which one has to have on hand for days when one goes from the office to dinner or the theatre. This type is the most costly of any in the wardrobe and can seldom be found for less than $39.50. That means that the little summer dress will have to be shopped for carefully. A good little sleeveless sport frock can be bought for $10, and when this is worn with a smart little coat sweater it will do for the office as well as vacation days.

Surprisingly smart evening dresses can be bought for $25. They should be of plain untrimmed crêpe or georgette, but cut so that the silhouette will be pleasing. Copies of the best French models are procurable at this price and are infinitely superior to the flubbed-up gowns which sell at $60 and $75. You can buy in the stores now for $25 a copy of a Patou model in black crêpe de chine which can be worn with flesh-colored stockings and black silk slippers of a dainty cut.

Remember that if you are to depend on but one formal evening dress you must not choose a vivid color nor a striking model, as it is too easily remembered. One of the most important rules, if you would dress on a limited amount, is that each dress and wrap that you buy must be impersonal but becoming. That is always the best kind of dress to buy, because people will notice you and not the dress, and, after all, what you are aiming at is to look well yourself—not to show off a good-looking dress. In this case it is doubly important, so that no one will remember the dress even when he is seeing it the third year.

To wear a dress successfully more than two years requires a good deal of skill on the part of the wearer. If it is a surplice dress, it is easy enough to add a fluted frill of pink georgette or buff lace in place of whatever was there before or just a change of vestee will do. Almost any other kind of frock can be opened up part way down the front and a frill of something light and soft added. Organdie collars and cuffs are another possibility which seldom fails to prove flattering.

Shoes must be made on good lasts to make your foot good-looking, and good lasts are expensive. It is important that there should be sufficient shoes on your shelves so that you will have appropriate footwear for any occasion. This means about seven pairs, three of which will have to be replenished at least once during the year. But, on the other hand, at least three of them ought to last for two years.

A trick worth remembering is to decide whether this will be a black or a brown shoe year and then choose your coat and frocks accordingly.

There are many tricks in the hat game too. If you go to a good but moderately priced milliner and have a hat made on your head you will pay up to $25. You can get a hat of good quality and one that will wear well and be very becoming for $15 or $17. If you have two good hats during the year, you can fill in with inexpensive ones which can be worn on less important occasions.

A Prize Worth Working For

Never try to economize by wearing dark gloves. Light gloves are needed with all costumes. Chamoisette gloves are made so well now that they look smart, and these will cost only half what similar suède ones do. The plain washable slip-on variety still stands at the head of the modish glove list.

The kind of lingerie you buy will depend on whether you can take advantage of the lingerie sales. Dainty handmade French things of crêpe de chine, with a bit of footing or lace, can be bought reasonably at times. For general wear Italian silk or the less expensive rayon is most satisfactory, and pink is usually the wisest choice.

You see, the game has grown difficult now and will require all your skill. But the prize is the feeling that you are well-dressed and the ability to forget your clothes once they are on. And that is a prize worth working for. It is of infinitely more value to you than a diamond necklace or an automobile.

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Illustrated by John Holmgren

When Leslie Keen arrived with Mr. Ashendene Symthe, Ellery was already there. He watched them come in together

I can't explain it

By Ruth Burr Sanborn

He could explain anything and everything—except the why and wherefore of Love. And after all —who wants to explain it?

ELLERY WINGATE sat behind his desk at the Petherick insurance offices, figuring the proceeds on his latest case. It had really been embarrassingly simple: Jacob Tenner, driving home alone of a foggy evening, had crashed into a hydrant and removed it from its foundations. At first, to be sure, authority, vested in a sad old gentleman with a beard, had been a bit unreasonable; but that had been before Ellery placed the facts before him. To begin with, Ellery pointed out, the town did not need a hydrant there, anyhow, since the only thing it commanded in case of fire was the local swimming pool; more than that, the hydrant, which should have been a compelling shade of orange, had grown grizzly with disuse and constituted a menace to traffic; and more than *that*, again, Jacob Tenner, who was an out-and-out humanitarian, had struck the hydrant in an effort to avoid a valuable lady cat who was crossing the street at the moment. Before the thought of the valuable lady cat, not to mention valuable lady kittens theoretically involved, the sad old gentleman had nearly broken down. And since Ellery's commissions were computed roughly on the basis of the damages his company did not have to pay, the affair seemed likely to net a goodish sum. Ellery was pleased but not surprised. He had always been a good explainer.

When Ellery was three he had explained so convincingly how the jam happened to appear upon his chin coincidentally with the empty jam pot on the pantry shelf that he had received an extra serving of marmalade for tea. And, with this as a beginner, he had gone straight ahead. He had explained to traffic officers why he had disregarded the signals so that traffic officers admitted they were probably color-blind; he had explained to his university so irrefutably why he had flunked his finals that the president and fellows had been glad to give him a degree just to avoid publicity. Ellery never told a lie, but he had a genius for presenting the facts in a new light.

Probably the triumph of his life, however, had been achieved that day he explained to Mr. Petherick how he happened to run into Mr. Petherick's car at six o'clock in the morning. But there was something about this occasion that always made Ellery frown when he thought of it. He frowned now, turning over the data for the two new cases on his slate.

One was another automobile theft case; those were getting too common to be interesting. The other was the case of Mr. Leslie Keen, claiming damages for burns received in a barber shop.

THEN he did an odd thing. He took from his pocket a small lace handkerchief, spread it on the desk before him, and studied it a long time.

On the morning in question Ellery Wingate had been returning rather early from a rather late party the night before, and on going up Break-Neck Hill at a rate variously estimated afterward as from sixty to seventy-five miles per hour, had had the misfortune, while cutting a fine corner at the turn, to meet the limousine of Mr. Augustine Petherick creeping sedately down.

Ellery was a good driver, and he avoided a head-on collision. He removed from the Petherick car only the left headlight, the fenders, the door, and the baggage rack, and the Petherick car turned quietly over on its side. Ellery's own machine was more spectacular. It spun about crosswise of the road, cleared it at one bound, took the fence at another, and plunged down a 200-foot embankment, well set with trees and rocks, to the level of the river.

It is amazing when you think of it how many people there are who get up early in the morning—but of course some of them get up on purpose. A call was entered for the police and the fire department and the ambulance, and the local undertaker was notified that he had better be getting into his trousers, and then a large crowd climbed down the bank to see what there was for the undertaker to set to work on. They found Ellery's car right side up beside the river and Ellery Wingate himself leaning back in the driver's seat smoking a cigarette.

He laughed when he saw the crowd, and courteously extended his cigarette case to Mr. Augustine Petherick, who walked well in advance and seemed to be choking to death. Mr. Petherick had sustained no ill effects from his experience other than a slight inability to control his temper.

"You . . . you . . . you . . ." he began.

"Aren't you ashamed," said Ellery, gently, "to be obstructing traffic?"

"I . . . ob . . . I—" began Mr. Petherick.

"I am traffic, am I not?" said Ellery reasonably. "And you obstructed me."

Mr. Petherick recovered speech.

"You're drunk."

"MY DEAR sir," said Ellery, looking up at the embankment, "if you think a drunken man could miss all those rocks, you are—I feel that I must put it strongly—mistaken."

After that there was a great to-do. The police came with their notebooks, and asked Ellery rude questions about where he was born and when his license was last revoked, and all that sort of thing. Ellery answered with quiet courtesy. Although the party from which he was returning had not been without refreshment, he was not drunk. He could remember to a minute when his license had been revoked: it was that time when he was suffering from mumps, so that he could not talk to the officer who made the arrest. Ellery explained the miscarriage of justice on

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that occasion, and then he came to the present.

Petherick had been proceeding down Break-Neck Hill at a rate that could be described only as a standstill: this put other drivers at a disadvantage, for it is well known that swiftly moving objects more quickly catch the eye. Moreover, Mr. Petherick had been hugging—he used the word advisedly—*hugging* the fence on the right-hand side of the road—and this was not what one expected; if Mr. Petherick had been descending, after the accepted practice, in the middle of the street, Ellery would have seen him before he reached the curve. Was it gentlemanly—he asked them frankly, was it?—to lie in ambush while an innocent victim dashed up to his destruction?

Take, then, the road. The road was wet, and Ellery had skidded. But was he to blame for the wetness? No. Had he been out that morning and sprinkled it? He had not.

Take, then, Ellery's aunt. Ellery's aunt had a headache, and had asked Ellery to bring her headache powders. He took the powders from his pocket and displayed them. Ellery's aunt was a good, kind, true, noble woman, who had given of her time, strength and patience without stint to raise up Ellery from his infancy and early youth into a man's estate. Who was he, then, to withhold from her a headache powder?

At this point everybody began to feel a trifle giddy, and the undertaker said that he had been got up there on false pretenses and was going home to breakfast. It was during the diversion created by this statement that Ellery first saw the girl.

It seemed strange, really, that he had not seen the girl before, for she was the kind of girl one sees: a small, keenly alive person in a white jersey, with a purple hat dangling nonchalantly from her finger by its ribbon, and wind-tossed fair hair. She had an amusing nose and an imp of a grin, and she looked amazingly wide-awake for so early in the morning. She plucked Ellery by the sleeve.

"You were going sixty-five," she said. "I saw you."

"Your eyes must have deceived you."

"There's nothing the matter with my eyes."

"No," Ellery agreed. "No. That's right." Her eyes were gray, but they looked black under preposterously long lashes. Then he brightened. "But, see here," he said, and he drew her round to the rear of the car, "there's a hole in the gasoline tank, and all the gas is out. Do you contend that I was driving up hill at sixty-five miles an hour, without a drop of gas to go on?"

AT FIRST he was not sure how she was going to take it; then the humorous nose won, and she laughed. There was a full note in her laughter, and she put her head back so that he had a clear look into her gray eyes. He laughed too, a little excitedly.

"You win," she said. "I won't say a word."

"But I want you to say a word," cried Ellery. "I want you to say a lot of words. I want—"

"No, I'm going to cut along. I don't want to be mixed up in it."

"But I want you to be mixed up in it," cried Ellery. "I want—"

And suddenly . . . she was gone. It didn't seem possible, but she was—just a flash of brief skirts up the embankment. Ellery ran after her. And if it had not been for the clutch of the law on his coat tails, he would have overtaken her too. Before that complication could be adjusted, however, there was nothing to be seen but a puff of smoke from the exhaust on her roadster—that and a small lace handkerchief with a K in the corner that the wind brought to Ellery's feet.

HE WAS still turning it over in his fingers when the crowd dispersed and Augustine Petherick came up and clapped him on the shoulder.

"Boy," he said, "you've got genius."

"Have I?" said Ellery bitterly. "Why didn't I use it, then? I don't even know her name."

Mr. Petherick did not hear that. He was a large, pink man, with protruding china-blue eyes, and he had a habit of overlooking any remark that did not fit his purpose. "Tell me," he said. "Have you got yourself tied up anyhow?"

"Tied up?" repeated Ellery vaguely. "Oh, you mean locked up. No, I guess not."

"I mean do you work for anybody?"

"I never have," answered Ellery, "but I'm thinking seriously about it now."

"Then think about working for me," said Mr. Petherick. "Any man who can knock my car into matchwood and roll me in the gutter, and then have the nerve to tell me it's my fault for driving slowly and staying on my side of the road, has got the stuff in him to make the world's record insurance adjuster. I'm Petherick, of Petherick Insurance, and I've got a desk for you in my office. Boy, name your price."

And so Ellery named his price—plus commissions.

All this had happened a year ago, and for a year Ellery had done well for Petherick Insurance and well for himself too. But he had not found the girl. He had been about a good bit in the way of business and a good bit besides; at one time he had done a house-to-house canvass of all the K's in the city directory. And he was just as far from finding her as ever.

"Fool," said Ellery Wingate to himself. "Idiot. Dunce." And he folded up the lace handkerchief spread before him and put it away in an inside pocket.

"Somebody named Keen to see you," said the office boy.

"Show him in," said Ellery. Mr. Keen of the burned chin, had got the drop on him and arrived first. He looked up prepared to greet a man in plasters.

He and Leslie walked down between the tulip beds to the sundial

And there she was. She just appeared before him as suddenly, as unbelievably as she appeared that day at the foot of the embankment by the river; so upsettingly, just the same, that it took Ellery's breath. There was that same twinkling hint of amusement lying in her eyes, tucked up in the red corners of her mouth; the same eagerness for what came next that showed in her carefree movements. Ellery came scrambling to his feet with unprofessional embarrassment.

"Complaints?" she asked demurely.

"No," gasped Ellery. "Oh, no. I haven't any complaints. Everything's all right."

"All right!" scoffed Miss Keen lightly. "And me with my hair burned off!"

"Hair?" echoed Ellery. That was hair sticking out from under Miss Keen's close black hat, or he was no judge. "And how . . . how'd you get it on again?"

"On!" she said. "It isn't on. It's right straight off to the roots. See." She pulled off the black hat and stood twirling it carelessly round her finger, so exactly the way she had stood that first time he had seen her that it twisted a year right off Ellery's calendar; also it twisted up something in his throat that made it difficult to speak. "See?" she repeated. And she put up a hand to indicate the stub of a butter-colored lock just above one ear. It was a small ear, set close to her head, and her hair was cut in a curve above it and came down in an elf lock just in front.

ELLERY found nothing calming in the close examination that he made.

"And what . . . what damages were you going to ask?" he stammered.

"Oh, I think a million dollars would be enough," said Miss Keen carelessly.

"Very reasonable too," said Ellery. Then he whipped out a notebook and a pencil. "Your name, I think, is Keen?"

"Leslie Keen."

"And your address?"

"In care of my uncle, Martin Darrell, 27 North Parkway."

"That explains it, then," muttered Ellery. "It isn't under K." He went on hastily, "Your age?"

"Twenty-one."

"Occupation?"

"Varies," said Miss Keen. "Sometimes I drive, and sometimes he does. Golf. Tennis. Dancing. . . ."

"Um," said Ellery, looking troubled. He did not like that casual *he*. "Ah . . . single?"

"At the moment," said Miss Keen. She added, as if it were not wholly irrelevant: "You can see it's pretty awkward to have my hair burned off right now, just when I was going to the Morrisons' dance tonight with Ashendene Smythe."

"Oh," said Ellery abruptly. "So you're going with *him!*" He knew who Ashendene Smythe was, of course; everybody knew. No one can be born as rich as Smythe was without publicity. Ellery felt suddenly very hot; he jerked out a handkerchief to mop his brow. And it was just his hard luck that he should have put his hand in the wrong pocket and flaunted suddenly in Miss Keen's face a small lace square with a K embroidered in the corner.

"Mine, isn't it?" she said quizzically. She tucked it (*Continued on page 50*)

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Back of Chester's Whiskers

By Hugh Leamy

Chester Conklin knew what he wanted from the start, but the path to his goal was circuitous. For one thing, it led through a baker's shop, where he got the cue for his make-up. Later he watched Charlie Chaplin one rainy afternoon devise his on the spur of the moment

Anything was good for a laugh in the old Keystone Comedies. Chester Conklin, in case you don't know, is seated at the table with his head on his hand

You don't recognize him, do you? How could you in the absence of his fuzzy-wuzzy crêpe mustache and his goggly glasses? Ladies and gentlemen, meet the real Chester Conklin

OF COURSE you could hardly say it was Mr. Schultz, the baker, who gave him the idea of becoming an actor. The worthy Mr. Schultz' mind was too completely taken up with his ovens, with the mixing of dough and batter calculated to tickle the palates of the good people of Des Moines, and with the obvious incompetence of that boy Conklin whom he had retained as assistant at the weekly fee of $4, 90 per cent of which threatened to be a total loss.

Still, Chester might well have proved a more valuable aide had not so many of his working hours been devoted to fascinated contemplation of the amazing facial adornment of his employer. The Schultz whiskers were remarkable not only in themselves but in the incredible gyrations which they performed during the course of a conversation or even a meditation over the mixing vats. And they came, in time, to furnish the inspiration for a make-up which has become—even though applied with gum arabic—an important part of Chester Conklin.

But it was while he was in school in Oskaloosa, Iowa, some years before, that Chester had set his heart on the stage. For a time he had thought seriously of the law, but that was before that day when he was assigned to do a humorous recitation, The Dutchman's Serenade, for the edification and delight of his schoolmates, teachers and some visiting parents. Well, sir, as they say around the National Vaudeville Artists Club, he wowed 'em with that one. And what a cost to the legal profession!

It was on the impetus of the applause which greeted this effort that Chester scurried off to Des Moines, without going through the formality of farewells and, pending a whack at the stage, apprenticed himself to Mr. Schultz, after a brief career as newsboy and bell hop.

So, you see, he probably never would have made a good baker, anyhow, even if it hadn't been for the whiskers.

And Three Dozen Limes!

As it was, however, he stuck with his new job only until he could equip himself with a crowd of mustaches as nearly like that of the German baker as crêpe hair could be and nerve enough to knock at the door of a theatrical manager's office.

He did, between the bakeshop and the theatre, outfit himself with some sort of monologue, and his confidence must have been sublime when you figure that he elected to start his career behind the footlights with the toughest kind of an act—going out cold, alone before an audience, and trying to make them laugh. Still, it worked. Not always smoothly or successfully, but well enough to carry him along over the bumps to ultimate stardom as a movie actor.

About Conklin today there's nothing of the $2,500 a week movie actor. Indeed, there's little of the Chester Conklin that you know on the screen. Without the mustache and the glasses you'd never recognize him, although that peculiar swinging gait of his might strike a familiar chord.

As I hurried with him recently through crowds waiting to get into a big movie theatre over which his name was displayed in lights and into the subway and through the crowds headed for trains in the great Pennsylvania Station in New York, no one gave any sign of recognition. And why should anyone have recognized him?

The public expects the movie idols to appear off the screen in costly motor cars, modish British-made suitings and dapper hats. The stoutish little man who was briskly making his way to the platform where a private car on the Broadway Limited awaited him wore a soiled summer suit of palm beach cloth that would have snapped at an invitation to a pressing. His straw hat may have been this season's, but if it was it had been out on many a rainy night. He wore a shirt (silk, it is true) with lavender and white stripes, that bulged out over his belt and hung downward in graceful folds. It was a shirt that had been places and seen things. So had the detachable soft collar that topped it.

The train was due to leave in ten minutes or so, but we had to stop in the arcade to buy many things. To buy playing cards and cigarettes and three dozen limes. To buy some ash trays and other quite unnecessary gadgets that caught the comedian's eye—and to get a $10 bill changed into nickels. (You've got to have small change handy to play pinochle comfortably.) To buy a Wall Street final and see what Anaconda had closed at and to send a telegram to Mrs. Conklin on the Coast.

All of these little errands, were Conklin a right-thinking 100 per cent, according-to-page-eight movie star, would have been attended to by a flock of secretaries. But that's what Conklin isn't. He's a likeable roughneck comic with that magic something added that makes him a screen personality, and he's not going to try to be anything else. Not at his age. He's been over the bumps too often, and they've left their dents.

The bumps started almost immediately after he had left the floury haven of Mr. Schultz' bakeshop. With a booking here and there at $5 a night, Conklin managed to get out to the Pacific Coast.

"Chester, You're Terrible"

Not that he had any particular object in heading for the Coast. That was just the geographic direction which his bookings and routings took. And if he had heeded the advice of one able manager, he might never have known what an ocean looked like.

This friendly fellow sent for Chester after he had finished his act one night.

"Chester," he said, "I like you, and I want to do you a good turn. I want to give you a little piece of advice. Chester, get out of the business—you're terrible."

From all accounts he was. But he stuck, none the less. Maybe it was because there wasn't anything else he could do. Maybe the applause that greeted his rendition of The Dutchman's Serenade still jingled warmly in his ears.

In 'Frisco Conklin tried hard and long to get booking on the Levy time, which was then regarded as the most desirable. Finally they agreed to play him and his mustache in one theatre, and if he went over they'd give him the time. Unfortunately the theatre selected—perhaps with malice—for his début under Levy auspices was on the edge of Chinatown.

"By then," says Conklin, "I'd dressed up the act a bit with a couple of comedy songs, and I thought it was pretty good. But when I walked on, all I could see was rows and rows of stolid Chinamen sitting there daring me to make 'em laugh. Did you ever try to make a Chinaman laugh?

"Well, I went into my stuff and gave 'em Heinz is Pickled Again. Remember it? Well, it was very popular then. It went like this:

"Heinz is wabbling down the street.
Vot's de matter mit Heinzie's feet?
Ach! Mein! Dot's de trubbel mit men.
Heinzie's been in fifty-seven saloons,
Und Heinz is pickled again."

As Conklin started singing and slipped into his routine of years back, you couldn't help feeling a little bit sorry for the bored Celestials who returned him only silence for his efforts.

"The verdict was guilty. I never did get the time. So I hooked up with those other guys who were broke, and we got hold of four girls. Then we went all around town picking up any paper we could get (*Continued on page 40*)

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Very Local Color

By Frederick Skerry

A SHORT SHORT STORY

Illustrated by John Alan Maxwell

After the body had been taken away the crowd remained

OVERNIGHT the little tailor shop, and with it Max the Tailor, had been popped into the public eye. A gaping crowd had gathered before the door of the distracted little man. First had come the police and newspaper reporters, then the coroner and detectives, and after them more reporters and photographers, but from the first, ever changing, never relaxing, was the crowd, waiting, staring. After the body of the tailor's murdered lodger had been taken away the crowd remained. There was nothing more to see, yet it stayed, in relays contributing stares and reminiscent comment.

Somebody, some time on Sunday night, had killed the man on the fourth floor back, one James Stone, for two months a lodger there. The woman who came in every morning to make the beds and tidy up the rooms, finding the door ajar, had gone in, taken one look at the battered bloody head, and promptly shrieked her way to the basement. No one in the house recalled having heard a sound in the night—least of all its owner, who lived in two basement rooms back of his shop so that the full four floors above should bring in rentals. The police were at a loss. There was not a clue, not even a finger print, to encourage them.

The little tailor was numb with misery. His was the apathy of despair. All his thoughts, all his unhappy murmurings, pivoted on the fact that his house had been disgraced. His house! Some loafer had come in the night and torn out his heart!

HE HAD been very proud of his house: the single neat one in a shabby brick row, all connected with a flat, continuous roof and a coronet of weather-beaten board fence set with tin-covered penthouses. It had cost him years of toil; its price had been laboriously acquired by mingling of midnight oil with the sweat of his brow. And he was proud of it. He gloried in the prestige it gave him as a property owner.

On that precious house he lavished a loving care. He was always inspecting, tinkering in his spare time from the shop; here a nail or two, there a touch of paint. And now, of all the block, his house had been disgraced!

By the end of a week Max was still beset by questions from the police. But the crowd and the reporters had sought fresher fields.

Only occasionally now did curious eyes peer into the shop at its grizzled proprietor, bowed sadly over his work.

On Saturday night his next-door neighbor came in.

"Hello, Max!" she greeted, dropping an armful of clothing on the counter.

"Good evening, Mrs. Gill!" he returned but kept his head bent over his work.

"Nothing new, I suppose." Max shook his head.

"A fine thing!" Mrs. Gill complained. "We can be murdered in our beds, for all the cops can do about it. And, anyhow, who's going to pay you for your empty rooms if your people all get out?"

The tailor was silent. Confound the woman! Did she have to rub it in?

"One of mine got out this week," she went on, regardless of the tailor's indifference, "and he left a couple of suits. See if you can fix them up—cleaned and pressed. They fit my man."

Raising his eyes from his iron, Max glanced at the clothes. "All right, Mrs. Gill. It'll be about Wednesday—I'm behind in my work."

When he had finished his pressing he picked up the suits and carried them nearer the light. One was a dark mixture, worn but still serviceable. The other was a lightish gray, in better condition, but on the right coat sleeve was a large, violet smear of paint. Max was about to toss the coat on to a table when he hesitated and looked again at the stain.

Wonderingly he examined it, turning it this way and that under the light. Then, his lips set grimly and his eyes glinting behind their spectacles, he searched the coat for identifying marks. He found none. Carefully he inserted a hanger and hooked it over a pole.

Within an hour he admitted to his living quarters Inspector McNeil, who was handling the murder case.

"Well, here I am," McNeil said briskly as he took the proffered chair. "What's up?"

"Why, nothing special, Inspector—Only that I got an idea. Supposing a feller kills another feller—well, he must have a reason, yes?"

"You mean a motive? Sure. There's generally a motive."

"A motive, yes. Well, Inspector, can you find out where this Stone feller came from?"

"We know that already—his people claimed the body. Why?"

"Because maybe you could also find out where another feller came from and if he had a reason—a motive."

"Say," exclaimed McNeil impatiently, "if you know anything, spit it out!"

"Listen, Inspector," Max pleaded earnestly. "I got only an idea. But I got troubles enough already; more I don't want. If you find out a reason for this other feller—then I know that I got a good idea. See?"

"Who is this other man?"

"I don't know," Max shrugged. "But this week a lodger leaves Mrs. Gill's, next door. She can maybe tell you who he is."

Three days later, accompanied by a superior, McNeil returned eagerly to the tailor shop. Mrs. Gill's former lodger had proved choice material for investigation. He had come from the same town as the murdered man, whose testimony had sent him, vowing vengeance, to jail for bootlegging a year back. That was a motive, all right. They knew where he was. Now what did Max know?

THE tailor got the gray coat from behind the shielding curtain and explained the possession of it. Then he exhibited the smear of violet paint.

"Look at that!" he cried triumphantly. "You can't buy that color paint—too fancy. Listen. That Sunday I paint the door on the roof. I got only a little red and only a little blue, so I mix them together. That makes this, see?" The officers admitted having excellent vision. "I leave a stick in the door to keep it open, so the paint dries. And then"—his bitterness could be restrained no longer—"this loafer comes and gives my house a bad name!" "You've hit it!" McNeil exulted. "Over the roof—door open—hid in Stone's room and waited! It's a case, dead open and shut!"

"Yeah," said the deputy dryly, "thanks to our friend here."

Max the Tailor sat in his shop surrounded by newspapers. Some contained his picture—one with the title "Prince Street Sherlock"—but all held complimentary accounts of his prowess as a detective.

In that repute, however, he found no elation. What thrilled him was that one paper called him a useful citizen. A useful citizen! In the paper!

People still gazed into the shop, but now Max did not mind; the morbid stares were absent, and smiles replaced them. His status in the community had been reëstablished. After all, a murder may happen anywhere. But, anyhow, *his* house had not harbored a murderer.

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By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

Master of Sinister House

The Story Thus Far:

MAJOR OWSTON, having between himself and starvation ninepence-halfpenny, enters the service of Martin Hews in an undefined capacity.

Martin Hews, a strange man but singularly aggressive despite the loss of both legs, lives in Breezeley Mansion.

Major Owston's first job comes immediately. Hews, seated in the library in his mechanically controlled chair, receives word that Jim Donkin and a girl Donkin has stolen from a rival gangster, Joseph, are coming to Breezeley for help.

Major Owston is hidden in a dark recess, and instructed to come to Hews' aid in any emergency. Beatrice Essiter, Hews' beautiful niece, enters the hiding place by a secret door and attempts to bribe him to leave. He refuses and Miss Essiter disappears as Donkin and the girl enter the library.

Hews decides to keep the girl, Rachel, at Breezeley, safe from the jealous Joseph. Owston then helps Donkin escape to an outbound steamer.

That evening, back at Breezeley, Rachel, looking for company, comes to Owston's rooms before dinner. She coquettes mischievously and as she leaves she slaps Owston on the cheek. As he stands in the doorway, half angry, he hears a shriek of terror upstairs.

II

I NEVER doubted that this was a job for me in my new capacity as protector of the household, and I sprinted off down the corridor toward the hall, meaning to ascend at once to my employer's room. I had scarcely gone half a dozen paces, however, before Miss Essiter appeared round the corner, coming toward me. There was no sign of alarm in her face. She was calm, indeed, and unruffled.

"Didn't you hear that cry?" I exclaimed. "There is something wrong in your uncle's room."

"There's nothing wrong which need concern you, Major Owston," she assured me coldly. "When you are wanted, you will be summoned. I was on my way to speak to you."

"Will you come into my room?" I invited, turning back reluctantly.

She followed me.

"You are wondering, of course, Major Owston," she remarked, "why I tried to persuade you to go away."

"It was scarcely a kind action," I complained, with some trace of indignation still in my tone, "and, if you will forgive my reminding you of the fact, what you told me was not the truth. I had been looking for a job so long that I think if I had failed with your uncle I should have given up hope."

"You must acquit me of any personal malevolence," she said. "I simply followed out exactly my uncle's instructions. He wished to test your tenacity of purpose and your intelligence. A mean action, of course. My uncle believes that the end justifies the means, and we who live with him have to think as he does."

"Yet," I ventured, "you seem to me to have a will of your own."

"I have," she admitted dryly, "but it is in subjection to a much stronger one."

THERE was a brief silence. Then she disclosed the reason of her visit.

"My uncle," she confided, "does not wish you to look upon yourself as only a mercenary in connection with your engagement here. In other words, he does not want you to be forced into a desperate position without some idea of what you are fighting for. You must have questions which you wish to ask."

"I certainly have," I confessed. "I really have only the vaguest idea as to what it is all about. Are we expecting a raid upon the place with the object of rescuing this young woman, and what do they exist for, anyhow, these bands of criminals? How does Mr. Martin Hews happen to be connected with them?"

That is one of the things which I must explain," she said. "You have probably read in the newspapers of rival gangs of hooligans who are supposed to frequent race courses and carry on feuds connected with racing affairs, bogus bookmaking and that sort of thing."

"Certainly I have."

"Well, that is newspaper bluff to a great extent," she continued. "The gangs exist all right, and the fierce fights take place. Very much more serious they are, too, than anything reported in the newspapers. The truth is, however, that these gangs are composed not of mere desperadoes and pickpockets, but of really organized criminals, who are a serious menace to the police. Their race-course activities are mostly bluff. From their headquarters have been planned all the great burglaries of recent days, the counterfeit-money exploits, the holding up of banks and even murders, both here and on the Continent.

"Donkin was the nominal head of one band; Joseph of the other. My uncle's sympathies and interests have always lain with Donkin—unfortunately, as it seems at present. Donkin was under my uncle's protection—for services rendered, you might put it—which accounts for this afternoon's exploit. He was holding his own against Joseph, but as usual these men must complicate everything by their ridiculous love affairs.

"Owing to his ridiculous infatuation, Donkin has become a fugitive—his gang, of course, would be useless without him—and Joseph, we understand, at some time or other during the near future means to risk his security and the security of his adherents by an attack upon this house for the purpose of recovering the girl. You have a vague idea of the situation now?"

"A vague idea," I admitted. "What I should like to understand, though, is this. What is the precise *quid pro quo* which your uncle has received as a return from his support of Donkin's gang of criminals?"

"YES, I imagined you would ask that," she observed thoughtfully. "I am not sure that I can entirely satisfy your curiosity. I might tell you as much as this, though: My uncle is one of the most famous collectors of art treasures in the world. There are many which are not for sale. Sometimes they come into the hands of thieves by illegal methods. They have to be sold to someone. My uncle buys them through an agent, without asking inconvenient questions. There are pictures, for instance, in his gallery—for which he has paid—not their value, perhaps, but a great deal—which would never have been parted with by their owners voluntarily. That is all I can tell you for the moment, Major Owston."

I nodded assent. It was quite as much as I wanted to know; perhaps a little more.

"At any rate," she went on, the disagreeable note creeping once more into her tone, "your first enterprise in defense of the household will be one of chivalry. You can picture yourself, if you will, a Sir Galahad, or any other hero of romance. Your task will be to aid in the protection of that most enslaving young woman from Shoreditch whom I saw fluttering out of this room a few minutes ago."

I ignored the subject of Rachel's visit. My conscience was quite clear on that account, anyhow.

"Very well," I said, "I am quite ready to take that on. I want to ask you another question, though. Don't look upon it as a sign of cowardice. It is simply a matter of common sense. If your uncle knows that there is going to be an attack upon the house for the purpose of carrying off that young woman, why doesn't he inform the police?"

"You're terribly logical," she remarked. "The police will be summoned

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

"Touch the gun, and you're a dead man," I warned the man on the floor. "Keep your hands up, you there!"

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if it becomes absolutely necessary, but only as a last resource. It has been a matter of etiquette between both gangs to fight their quarrels out without reference to the common enemy. The plans of the attacking party have often leaked out, but neither side has ever yet appealed to the police. It is slightly different now, of course, and at the proper moment the authorities will be summoned.

"But I should have thought," she pointed out, "that after what I have told you, you would have understood why my uncle does not care for a police visitation in this house except in a matter of emergency."

A footman entered the room for the second time, to lay the cloth for my evening meal. She waved him impatiently away, but rose to her feet.

"There is another very important matter which I have to explain to you," she said. "Come over here, please."

She produced a small, stubby key of complicated pattern, and unlocked a desk which stood against the wall. It contained all the ordinary writing materials and three telephone instruments, the receivers of which and the uprights were painted different colors—yellow, white and red. She touched the first.

"This," she explained, "is the one most in use. It communicates with my uncle's room. He will speak to you upon it, or you can speak to him. The white telephone is used merely for domestic purposes. That will bring you a servant for orders, or if the staff have anything to ask you that is the telephone they will use."

"And the red one?" I asked, as she paused.

I had an idea that she shivered slightly before she answered.

"The red one means danger."

SHE pointed to three bulbs projecting from the wainscoting. One was yellow, one was white, one was red.

"Directly the telephone rings," she continued, "the light will flash out there from the one in use. They are duplicated in your bedroom, with a bell under each. Remember the red telephone is only used in case of direst extremity. Its ringing for you will mean the greatest danger which could happen to the household—danger to my uncle.

"If that summons should come, take your gun—you should always have it ready—and hurry by the way I am going to show you to my uncle's room. Come with me now, please, and afterward I shall leave you to your dinner."

She led me to the wainscoting of the further wall, and for a minute her fingers played with the scrolled design of the woodwork. There was a little burr like the muffled ringing of a telephone, and a panel rolled back.

"Follow me," she enjoined.

I obeyed in silence. The thrill of adventure was creeping once more into my senses, and the depression of months was passing. We were almost in darkness, and so close together that once her hand swinging back touched mine. There was a curiously indistinguishable perfume about her hair or clothing which reminded me of some of the byways of the bazaars at Constantinople, where nameless essences are brewed. Presently she came to a standstill. Her fingers rested upon my arm.

"We mount the stairs here," she whispered. "Not many, because, as you realize, we have been walking on an incline all the time."

I followed her, and we faced a ruby lamp. There she stopped.

"All that you have to do," she continued, "is to place your hand upon that lamp, and push forward. You will find yourself in the recess where my uncle sent you when Donkin and the girl arrived. You know your way out of that into the room?"

"Perfectly," I assured her.

She led me back to my sitting-room, where my table was now prepared.

"I am afraid," she said, "that a portion of your dinner will be spoiled. It was necessary, however, that you should understand these things. Joseph is a man of very quick action, and there is no telling how soon he may strike."

"We ought to have some scheme of defense," I suggested to her, "and I should like some other weapon besides a gun—a heavy stick or a loaded cane. I am not very fond of shooting in a scrap of this sort."

"I will tell my uncle what you say," she promised. "He will very likely send Minchin to talk to you."

SHE was moving toward the door, sphinxlike and cold as ever, when a sudden instinct of the hostess seemed to possess her. She covered over one of my dishes and jerked my cocktail shaker gently as though to be sure that the ice had not all melted.

"I hope you will find everything all right," she said. "Please don't hesitate to tell Miles if you have any special wishes."

"I am sure that I shan't find it necessary," I told her. "You wouldn't let me shake you a cocktail, I suppose?"

"That is very nice of you," she said. "Please do."

We drank together, and for a moment she seemed more human.

"I am afraid your fish will be cold."

"Miss Essiter," I confided, "I told your uncle the truth, as I didn't wish to come here under false pretenses. My last meal was yesterday at five o'clock when I had two cups of tea and two slices of thick bread and butter, for which I paid fourpence. I had a cup of coffee this morning, before I came down to see your uncle, and that is all. You don't seem to realize that you are feeding a starving man."

Then indeed for a moment she changed from a cold and lifeless being into a creature of sympathies and kindness.

"But, my dear man!" she expostulated. "Why didn't you ask for something before? Now that I look at you—why, I believe you're half starved!"

I felt a sudden weakness. I had told her the truth, and more than once during the day dizziness had come. She hurried to the door, but the farewell glance that she sent me was sufficient to turn any man's head.

"Not another word," she ordered. "Sit down this instant."

SHE waved me away from the door, and with her departure I abandoned the struggle for appearances. I sat down and ate as only a ravenous man can.

Unforgettable, that moment when, some five hours later, wakened out of a profound sleep, I sat up amid the cool sheets I had found so delicious, striving for realization. The red light was burning.

I think it could have been a matter of seconds only before I was in my sitting-room, feeling eagerly along the wainscoting for the spring which opened the hidden door. While I stood there, it rolled open before me, and Beatrice Essiter appeared. She was perfectly cool, but there was urgency in her voice.

"Put out your light," she ordered.

I had turned on the switch as I entered the room. I stepped back, and did as I was bidden. We stood there then in intense darkness.

"Joseph is on his way down," she announced. "We didn't expect him tonight, or Uncle would have sent Minchin to see you. He seems to have made up his mind suddenly. He is bringing only one carload of men, so I imagine he is more out for carrying the girl off by a quick rush than a fight.

"Get outside by your private door and keep in the shadow of the house. You will find Huntley, the red-haired footman who served you, on your left."

I heard the click of the door, and knew that she had gone. I hurried into a few clothes, caught up a leaded stick which Huntley had brought me in after dinner, and, with my automatic safely in my pocket, cautiously opened the door and stepped outside.

(*Continued on page 31*)

What followed seemed to me the strangest part of the whole amazing episode

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Steady! Steady!

Some animal playmates in poses you won't find in the natural-history books

Photographs from Wide World

Well, well, you'd think an elephant would get attention enough just by being an elephant but apparently not. Here's one bidding for your favor by what seems to be a somewhat wistful attempt at standing on his head

Right: Don't be misled by his genial expression. Any time a tiger springs, even if it's not in your immediate direction, it doesn't make a bit of difference if he's laughing out loud, that's your cue to be elsewhere at once

Here's one little pig who won't go to market in a hurry. There are so many sausages but so few young porkers who can stand on their hands and their conveniently flat noses, like this pet of Jack Van Camp's

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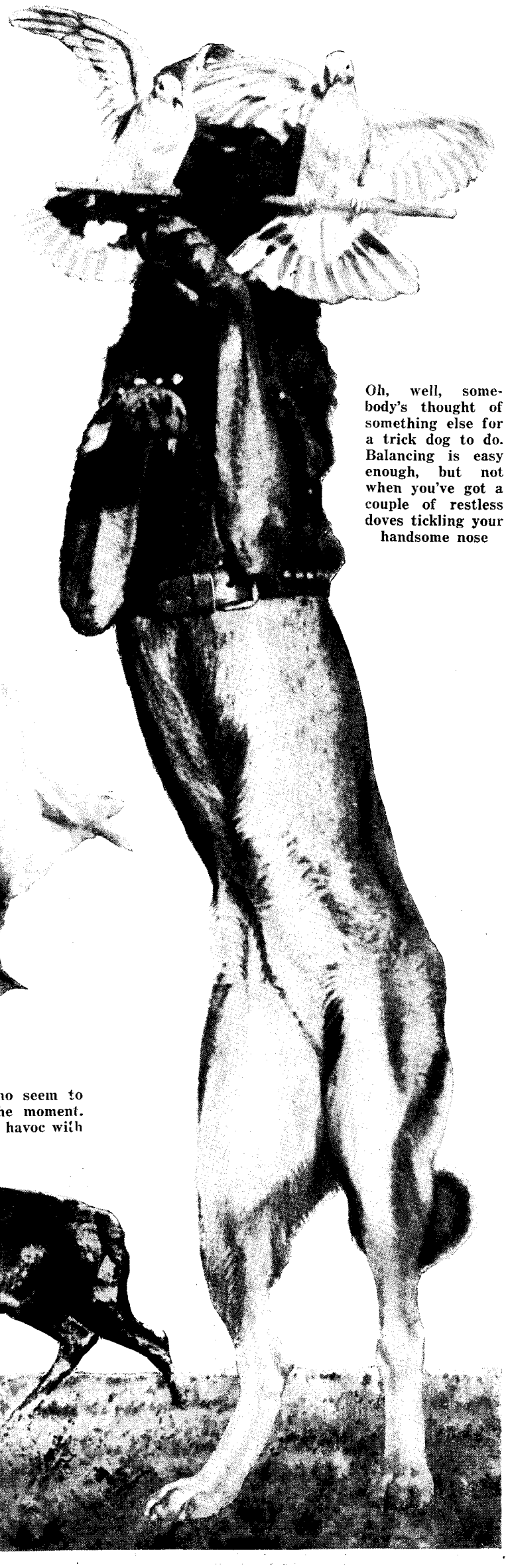
He can't holler "Fore!" of course, but when Sultan I is driving off who'd want to risk his wrath by getting in the way of a three-hundred-yard drive? Sultan is one golfer who can thumb his nose at the pros. His stance may be a little off but as long as his hairy wrists don't get tangled in the club he can sock with the best of them

Below: Two unusual playmates are Dick, a more or less congenial gander, and Tom, who apparently is helping him "get" one of the latest barnyard dance-steps



Oh, well, somebody's thought of something else for a trick dog to do. Balancing is easy enough, but not when you've got a couple of restless doves tickling your handsome nose

Below: A couple of wrestling stags who seem to be what you might call stymied for the moment. When these lads go into a tussle it plays havoc with the surrounding foliage

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Giant Killer

By Elmer Davis

The Story Thus Far:

GREAT King David of Israel is now an old man. All his fame and power have come to him through someone else's effort since the time when King Saul expected him to kill Goliath, the Hittite, and young David, in reality panic-stricken, fortunately finds Goliath dead, having tripped and knocked his head against a stone, and David cuts off the giant's head and claims to have killed him and is believed.

Since that time all men standing in his way have been killed and the way made smooth for David, usually by Joab, the great general, David's nephew, though near his own age.

Joab, stern and silent and powerful, has few friends but Abishai, his brother, and Tirzah, Abishai's wife. Twice he has been in love: once with Michal, whom David took, and then many years later with Bathsheba, wife of Uriah, the Hittite, whom David also took.

Bathsheba wants him to marry her but he refuses, thinking only of the army and of what a bad effect it would have for the commander in chief to take the wife of a young officer and he one of the foreigners come over to David. Bathsheba, angered, sets about to win David though Joab doesn't know it. David has Uriah killed through Joab's orders and through the obedience of Benaiah and then marries Bathsheba. And Joab needs must be resigned.

The King had broken. Tears oozed slowly from his eyes

IX

ON THE shaded terrace of his ranch house Joab, the son of Zeruiah, reclined in an easy chair, absently regarding the wilderness of Judah spread out to the eastward—brown hills seamed with red outcroppings, the crazily misshapen rock formations of the Bad Lands, the sand dunes stretching away in yellow undulations clear to the deep blue ribbon of the Dead Sea, with the cliff wall of Moab bluff in the sunlight beyond. More and more, of late years, he lived on the ranch, coming up to Jerusalem only when urgent business called him; and there was little urgent business for the commander in chief in these drowsy peace times when all Israel's enemies had been struck down.

A comfortable ranch, this that the King had given him. . . . He turned his head and surveyed the fields to the westward, golden with ripening grain. . . . Still fertile, though on the very edge of the wilderness. . . .

He started up in angry amazement; over the barley fields to the westward swept a thickening cloud of smoke; the grain was on fire!

He clapped his hands; his body servant came running even as other servants ran out of the workmen's quarters behind the ranch house; by the time Joab's mule was saddled the ranch crew was already dashing out to fight the fire.

For the King and all the nobles rode mules now; donkeys were no longer good enough for the best people in an Israel which was growing rich and fat; some of the young gentlemen of Jerusalem even had horses and chariots.

And before he had reached the field the smoke was gone, the remnants of fire in the ripe grain were being beaten out, and his servants dragged two white-faced strangers up to him—men who fell flat on their faces before the general, the man of blood.

"Mercy, Your Highness!" they gasped. "We—we did not do it. We were under orders. Our master forced us to set your fields on fire."

"Your master? Humph! I did not think there was a man in Israel— Who is your master?"

"Prince Absalom," they stammered, still flat in the dust. . . .

Joab turned to his overseer.

"Have the pack mules made ready," he said. "I am going to the city."

"And these?" The overseer looked at the men in the dust. "Shall we kill them, sir?"

"Let them go. Our killing days are over in Israel. I'll speak to the prince."

PRINCE ABSALOM arose from his divan as Joab entered—a tall, handsome young man with thick black hair, whom women adored and interested but indifferently. He saluted the general with the deference of a younger cousin to an older cousin; the deference that even the eldest son of the King must show to the second man in the kingdom. Joab seated himself.

"Well?" he asked. "Why did your servants set my field on fire?"

"I wanted to see you. I sent to you twice, but you would not come. So I made you come." . . . As simply as that. . . . Yes, these boys were men now. How one forgot the years! . . . "I want to be reconciled with the King," said Absalom.

Joab shrugged.

"You know that is out of the question. When I persuaded him to bring you back from exile he said that you could never see him again. . . . After all, when you killed the prince who would be king, your elder brother—"

"I had good reason!" Absalom flared, his thick dark brows scowling.

"You had," Joab admitted. "The King should have put him to death, but I don't need to tell you that he doesn't discipline his sons. Amnon, whom you killed, was a brute and a fool; the kingdom is better off without him. Still, a man who kills must pay for it. I have learned that."

Absalom brooded; then, snapping his fingers nervously:

"Then why did you have me brought back if I'm not to see him?"

"I brought you back because he missed you," said Joab. "For his sake, not yours. . . . The King and I are growing old, Absalom, and he loves his sons more than he ever loved any of his women. But he is a strange man, Absalom—a strange man. Just because you are his favorite he hardened himself against you. His mind works curiously."

"I might as well have stayed in exile!" Absalom flared. "After all, for three years at my grandfather's court in Geshur I was a prince. Here I'm only a nobody, a man whose career is finished before it began. The prince who should some day be king excluded from the succession!"

"We are not sure of that," Joab reminded him. "Presumably the eldest son will succeed to the throne, but the King has never said so."

"No, he's never said so. . . . Bathsheba is still the favorite wife; her son Solomon may be the next king."

Bathsheba. . . . Joab had not seen her for years, for the royal women were increasingly secluded; he did not even often think of her any more. Time had dulled that ache, as it dulled everything. . . .

"Solomon is only ten years old," Joab reminded him. "You need not worry about him for years."

"Well then, Adonijah! He is the eldest, next to me. But what do I care? I am shut out. . . . And how long would I live after my father died—an elder brother of the new young king, a prince who might become a pretender? He would have me butchered—Adonijah or Solomon either."

"PERHAPS," the general conceded. "But this is the King's affair, not mine." Absalom gave a movement of impatience.

"Nonsense, Joab! You rule Israel! My father—well, he has his harp, and too many women. You are master of the kingdom and of the King!"

"I know better," said Joab, with a dry smile. "It is true that the King no longer takes much interest in public affairs, but neither do I, outside of the War Department. If anyone rules Israel, it is Ahithophel."

For now that Bathsheba was the favorite wife her grandfather had long ago been brought up to court as the King's counselor. And there he gave advice that tended more and more to crabbed dogmatism as the years went by. For the counsel of Ahithophel, which he counseled in those days, was as if a man had inquired at the oracle of God.

"Ahithophel—yes, he counts for more

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than anyone else in Jerusalem," Absalom admitted. "But if you cared to speak, Ahithophel could not stand against you. He wouldn't dare. . . . Ahithophel is a politician. He won't see me. But you—you could persuade the King to take me back."

Yes, Joab supposed he could, now that two years had somewhat cooled the royal anger. But he would not intrude in a family matter.

"It is out of my line," he told Absalom, rising. "I'm sorry—"

"You would be sorrier still if you had sons!" Absalom flashed; and that taunt stopped Joab in his tracks, his face crimson with anger. But the prince went on unterrified:

"What do you leave to us, Joab—to Abishai's sons, if not to yours? A kingdom without a king? Adonijah, that pompous ass—or Solomon, a child! And the kingdom will need a king, Joab. So long as you are alive Israel will stand; but I have kept my eyes open, in exile. All around the frontier men are waiting—waiting till they hear that David is dead and that Joab is dead! . . . You didn't kill all the Edomites, Joab. There are exiles in Egypt, even a prince of the blood royal, waiting to strike into Edom when they hear that you are gone! Ammon and Moab are loyal now, under the tame kings my father set on the thrones; but when they hear that you are dead—And Syria! Syria is in turmoil, little kings and little princes and soldiers of fortune, all fighting each other ever since you broke their old dynasties before Rabbah. But when they hear that you are gone— Israel must have a king, Joab, a real king, to follow David, if your work is to stand!" He smiled faintly. "And as between me and Adonijah—"

Joab burst into sudden short laughter.

"You're right, Absalom. You think like a king. Any man who can make it so plain that his private interest is the public interest too— Yes. I'll speak to your father."

SO JOAB came to the King, and told him; and the King frowned and meditated and then began to weep—tears streaming down into his red beard that was streaked with gray. And when Joab sent for Absalom he came to the King and bowed himself to the ground on his face; and the King lifted him up and kissed him, and Absalom found favor in his sight.

And Joab went back to his ranch, curiously gladdened, and curiously depressed too, by the spectacle of David's tearful happiness. The King was old, now, and stout and slow-moving, but the David of old days lived again in Absalom—a darker, more sullen David, but a true son of his father. . . . That was what it meant, then, to have a son—a tall, handsome, clever son, gifted with the talent to carry on one's work. A man who had no son, who must trust what he had built to strangers— Well, he could at least take some pleasure in gladdening the heart of the King and at the same time doing well by the kingdom.

Not until somewhat later did it occur to him that a prince who set the crops on fire to obtain an interview was rather dangerously addicted to violent short cuts. If Joab had spent much time in Jerusalem in the next two or three years, he might have had that truth brought more forcefully to mind.

For Absalom, once restored to favor and set up as the heir to the throne, lost no time in reminding the world that now at last he was someone. He got himself a chariot and horses and a guard of fifty men to run before him. And he used to rise up early in the morning and take his stand in the street by the city gate. And when any man came with a suit or controversy that should come before the King for judgment, Absalom would call him aside and ask him about it; and when he had heard it Absalom would say: "Your case is a good one; your side is right; you ought to have justice. But no man has been deputed by the King to hear you. . . . And the King himself, of course, is busy in the palace—"

Only that. But that was enough for these farmers from Ephraim, or sheep ranchers from Judah, or caravan traders grumpily eager to get back to their business—men who had come up to get justice from the King—enough to remind these men of the stories of the many lovely women who belonged to King David. No wonder he never had time! . . .

And then Absalom would say:

"If only the King would make me judge in the land, every man who had any suit or controversy might come to me and I would give him justice!"

And in this manner did Absalom to all Israel that came to the King for judgment; so Absalom stole the hearts of the men of Israel.

For the truth was that nobody governed Israel now. Joab did what needed to be done for the army, but for the rest he lived on his ranch. Civilian affairs had never interested him greatly; he was used to intervening only in moments of crises. Ahithophel gave wise advice, to which everyone listened with respect, but somehow nothing was often done about it. The palace officials were growing slack, now that David no longer kept them to their work. The elders of the tribes and the cities saw that a sufficient quantity of taxes was collected and sent up to Jerusalem, and so long as that was done an Irsael drowsy with peace and prosperity practically had no need of government at all.

Illustrated by Cornelius Hicks

Absalom was hanging by his thick, long hair from a branch

As for the King, he never sat in judgment; he made no more new songs. He played the old songs over and over to the new women he had taken; women to whom he made love with an old man's last despairing clutch at something that would soon be gone.

Four years after the reconciliation Joab made a tour of the North and came back to Jerusalem vaguely uneasy. He had gone on military business, an inspection of militia. For in these endless days of peace the regulars had gradually been demobilized; none were left now but the Mighty Men (mostly foreigners now), garrisoned in the provinces east of Jordan, and the Philistine guard in Zion. Joab had protested against that, but he could not pretend that there was any danger of war; and, because the King's ministers wanted to save money and there was much local pride in the militia, he was overruled.

NOW he knew that the militia was poor stuff; most of its units were slack, badly armed, out of training. He wondered if he should not hang a few battalion commanders as an incentive to efficiency—but he had a bad enough reputation already as a man of blood: a reputation, happily, that made even his rebukes bring the negligent commanders to prompt and terrified promises to do better. . . . Still, he was worried; and worried still more by the obscure discontent that he sensed everywhere.

"I don't like it," he told Abishai and Tirzah, dining with them after he came back to Jerusalem.

Abishai had resigned from the army when it was reduced to a skeleton, though his sons were still officers.

"Everywhere, people seem dissatisfied," Joab pursued.

"God knows what they have to be dissatisfied about!" Abishai growled.

"Perhaps that's just the trouble," Joab ventured. "What have you to be dissatisfied about? You're a prince, a rich man, with a fine family, yet ever since you resigned from the service you haven't known what to do with yourself. I can hardly keep myself busy even in the service. . . . The nation is bored, Abishai—bored with prosperity. We've made everything too easy. . . . It's badly governed too. I've shaken up the militia organization, but the country needs more than that—"

"Absalom says it needs efficiency," Abishai observed. "He's laid out a scheme for remodeling the whole government—traveling judges, provincial governors, cutting across the old tribal lines—I don't think much of it myself. The old ways are good enough for me."

"And yet," said Joab thoughtfully, "what does the King say about it?"

"Nothing! Absalom sent him some memoranda, but—"

"Yes," Joab recalled. "The King's secretaries always had a gift for mislaying memoranda. . . . Well, in a few years Absalom can have his way. He can afford to wait." (Though he wasn't the waiting kind.)

"Yes, but it makes him furious," Tirzah put in. Her hair was white, but her fat face was still pink and jolly. "You remember the night he dined here in the spring, dear. He was dreadfully sulky."

"Young men are always impatient," said her husband. "Still, if the King would only forget his women long enough to talk to Absalom—"

"I heard he had several new women," said Joab.

Tirzah was gleeful.

"Yes—and they're all out of favor now. I don't know why, I'm sure—they were all young and pretty. No brains, of course, but that never worried David. . . . But Bathsheba's the favorite again, I'll have you know. Yes, indeed. I dined with her week before last, and she told me that she and the King were enjoying a second honeymoon. Very demure about it she was, but her eyelids flickered the least bit, and her eyes looked up at you like—well! You know, don't you?" Joab stirred uneasily.

"Yes. . . ." He had thought Tirzah had forgotten. Not that she ever really knew. "Bathsheba!" he muttered. "I haven't seen her in years."

"She's still a very beautiful woman," said Tirzah. "I don't like her, and never did, but I'll grant her this much—she's twice as good-looking as I was at thirty-eight." Abishai dropped a hand on his wife's fat knee.

"She is not!" Then to Joab: "But I wish you could talk to Absalom. You've done so much for him, you might— But he's gone down to Hebron, to worship; some vow or other. He'll be gone for a week."

"So shall I," said Joab. "I must go across Jordan to inspect the garrisons. But I'll see him when we both come back."

AND while Joab was in Gilead, in Mahanaim—the chief city of the provinces beyond Jordan, the old capital of Abner and Ishbaal—a runner came at frantic speed with the news that Absalom had set himself up as king in Hebron and was moving on Jerusalem, and that the King had fled with his court and his women and the Philistine guard, and was escaping across Jordan. For the conspiracy was strong, and the people with Absalom increased continually; and the heart of all Israel was with him.

Joab had time to do little before the fugitives arrived. The Mighty Men were brought up from the frontier garrisons and concentrated at Mahanaim; and the King of Amman, the vassal king whom David had set on the throne, sent five thousand men in response to Joab's summons. He knew that his people remembered how David had tortured the men and women captured in Rabbah; they would tear David's nominee to pieces the moment they heard that David and Joab were dead.

But the Ammonites were poor stuff and of doubtful loyalty; and so were the Gileadite militia. They rallied promptly, the local gentry came forward with eager loyal offers of furniture and provisions for the court, removing to Mahanaim; but Joab knew well enough that if his regulars had not been concentrated there to overawe the land Gilead would have gone with all the rest.

He went about his military dispositions mechanically, in a daze. For messengers every (*Continued on page 45*)

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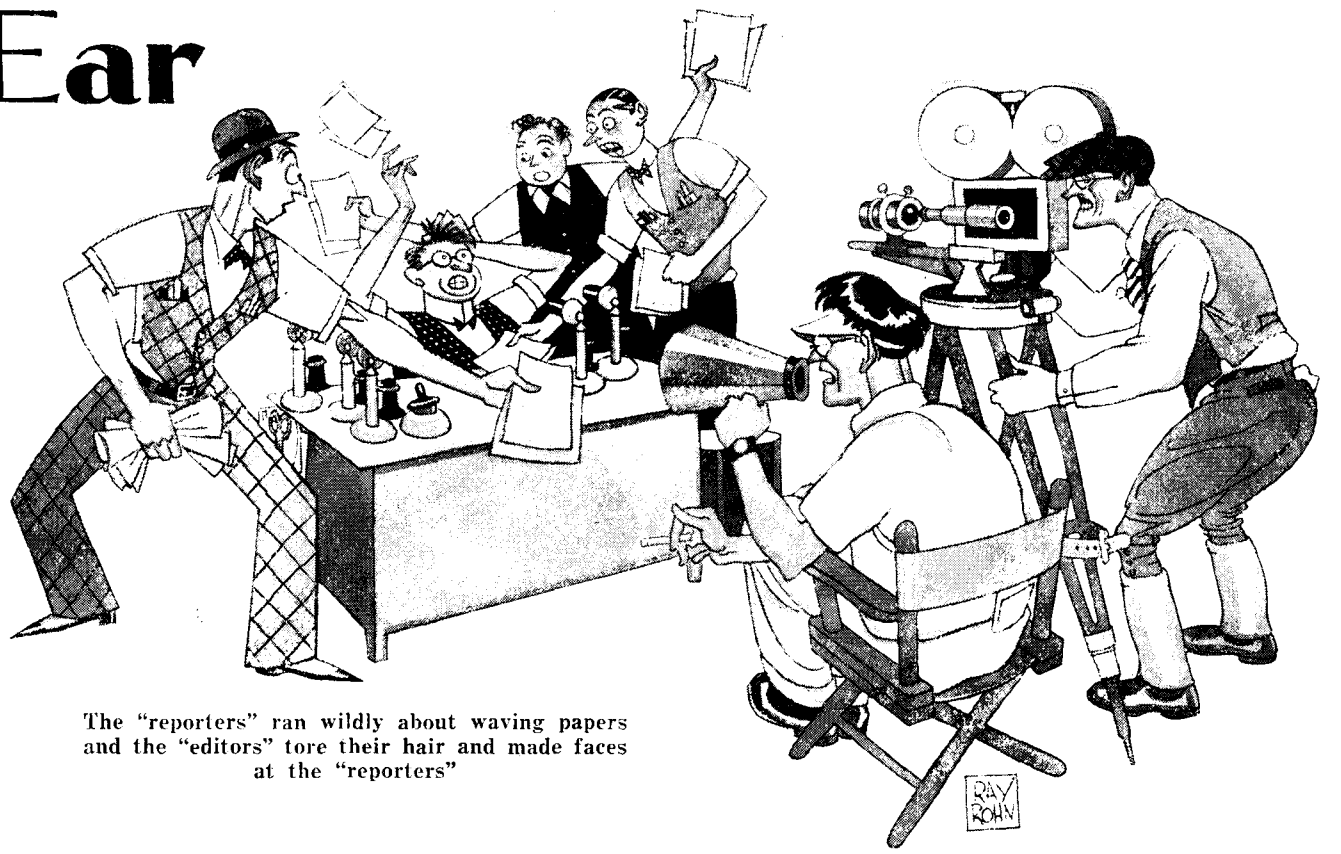
In One Ear

As Collier's famous writers dash hither and yon in search of facts they pick up some amusing little yarns. Someone ought to hear them and it might as well be you



The "reporters" ran wildly about waving papers and the "editors" tore their hair and made faces at the "reporters"

"MAY we use your newspaper office for a scene in a picture?" One of our famous directors made this request at the offices of the New York World.

"Surely," replied James Barrett, the city editor. "Come in and make yourselves at home. What's more, I'll have as many real reporters as possible in the news-room to give you some real color."

Came the day when the actors, the camera men and the director arrived.

With him he had an entire set of stage reporters and two or three stage editors who crowded out the honest-to-goodness journalists.

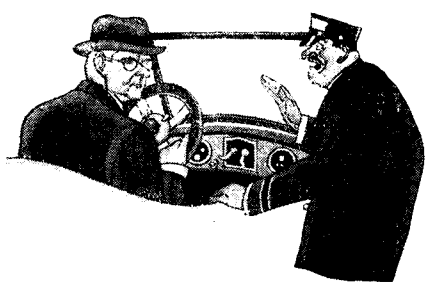
They proceeded to act. The "reporters" ran wildly about waving papers and the "editors" tore their hair and made faces at the "reporters." It resembled a record day on the stock exchange.

"The real thing would not be real enough," explained the director to the real editors and reporters who were allowed to look on from corners out of camera range.

A Difference in Presidents

On the day the baseball season opened in Washington Mr. E. S. Barnard, president of the American League, drove his car to the park and started through an auto entrance.

"Here," called out a voice, "you can't go in there. It's against the orders of the fire commissioner."



Mr. Barnard looked ahead of him, saw a car parked on the inside and protested: "But I'm the president of the American League," he said, "and I reckon if that other guy can park in there I can too."

"Nix," said the voice, "you can't. That other guy is the President of the United States."

Easy Go

George M. Cohan plans some day to write a book entitled "The Millions I Never Made." Now of course most of us could do that, but having produced half of Broadway's theatrical successes, and claiming that he threw away the other half, Cohan is better qualified for the job than the rest of us.

One day while he was rehearsing a comedy in which he was deeply interested financially, a strange figure rushed out on the stage, ran over the leading lady, kicked down a few props and stopped in front of the producer.

"What are you doing, George?" demanded the intruder.

"Rehearsing, and you can get out of here till I finish," replied Mr. Cohan.

"What are you rehearsing?"

"The O'Brien Girl."

"Can it. Here, take this one. There's a fortune in it," and the intruder slipped a manuscript into Mr. Cohan's hands.

That night, being worried about the probable fate of "The O'Brien Girl," Mr. Cohan barely glanced at the new manuscript and the next day when the man who had given it to him appeared at the theatre and wanted his opinion of it Mr. Cohan expressed it thus: "Rotten. I'm off it."

"Well, if that's the way you feel about it, so'm I," said the other man. "I'll send it back."

"The O'Brien Girl" passed quietly into that hopeless oblivion which Broadway has provided for unpopular productions and George Cohan went down to Atlantic City where he could grieve over her for a few days in silence.

One day on the board walk he saw a man coming toward him. It was the man who had handed him the manuscript months before, who, when he reached Mr. Cohan, merely gave him an icy stare, muttered a few wholesome curses and walked on.

Mr. Cohan turned and went in pursuit. He caught up with the other man, grabbed him by the shoulder and spun him around.

"Here, what's the matter with you," he said. "Are you sick or crazy?"

"Don't speak to me!"

"Why, what—what—?"

"You said that was a poor script I gave you. You said it: didn't you? Don't deny it. You said it was rotten and I turned it down on your say-so. A fine judge you are; you know a lot, you do. I don't think. Look at that play now. That script is knocking 'em dead. It was Broadway. Don't speak to me."

The man walked on, with his further comments mercifully drowned in the roaring surf, but it is hard to see just why George Cohan can claim the exclusive credit for having lost that particular million or so. The other man was William A. Brady.

R. S. V. P.

In digging into the early history of the West a prominent investigator has recently brought to light some interesting facts regarding a controversy which once arose in Arizona over a social custom. A man was to be hanged and as the law required that the sheriff issue a certain number of invitations to all executions he got one out. It read as follows:

"Holbrook, Arizona
"Nov. 28, 1899

"Mr. John Doe:

"You are hereby cordially invited to attend the hanging of one George Smiley, murderer. His soul will be swung into eternity on December 8, 1899, at 2 o'clock P. M. sharp.

"Latest improved methods in the art of strangulation will be employed and everything possible will be done to make the surroundings cheerful and the execution a success. F. W. Wattron,
"Sheriff of Navajo County."

A copy of this invitation reached the governor of the territory; others fell into the clutches of newspaper editors and at once a great rumpus was raised. It wasn't becoming to invite a man to attend such a solemn occasion as a hanging in any such flippant manner. The editors howled, the governor hearkened, and in the end there was so much agitation stirred up over the thing that a reprieve was actually granted to Mr. Smiley in order that the sheriff might get out a new and more decorously worded invitation in his honor.

This the sheriff did and his second attempt was a success. It read:

"The Revised Statutes of Arizona make it obligatory upon me to issue invitations to all executions, therefore:

"Mr. John Doe:

"With feelings of profound sorrow and regret I hereby invite you to attend the private, decent and humane execution of a human being; name, George Smiley; crime, murder.

"The said George Smiley will be executed on January 8, 1900, at 2 o'clock P. M.

"You are expected to deport yourself in a respectful manner, and any 'flippant' or 'unseemly' language or conduct on your part will not be allowed. Conduct on anyone's part bordering on ribaldry and tending to mar the solemnity of the occasion will not be tolerated.

"F. W. Wattron,
"Sheriff of Navajo County."

Interference

Charles M. Schwab, president of the Bethlehem Steel Works, was one day walking through the vast plant on an inspection tour. Everything pleased him until he came upon a workingman seated on a pile of scrap calmly smoking his pipe.

"Here, you," said Mr. Schwab, "what's the matter? Why aren't you at work?"

The man thus addressed calmly removed his pipe from his mouth, and said with a decided brogue:

"Shure, and who might you be?"

"I'm Mr. Schwab, the president of this company."

"Well then," replied the other man, "I think ye've a fine job fer a young feller, and ye'd better go on and attend to it."

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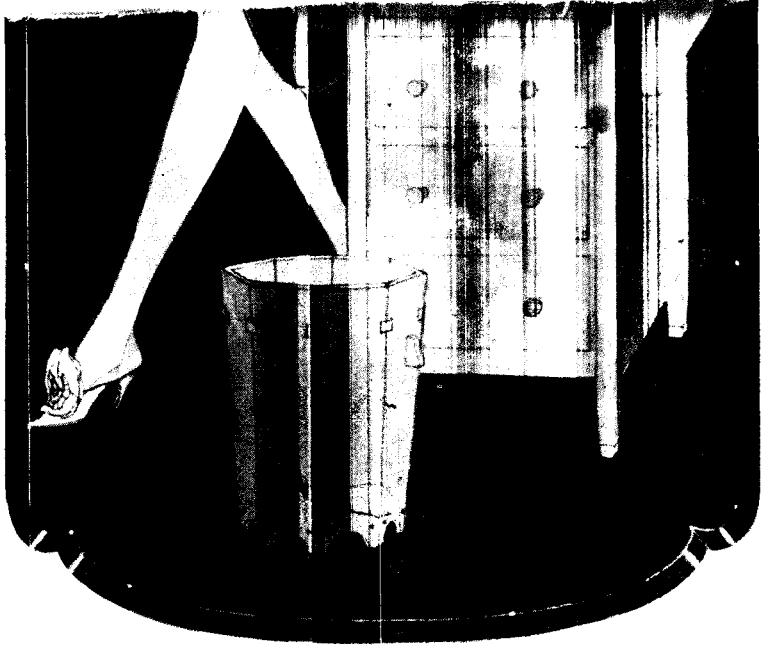

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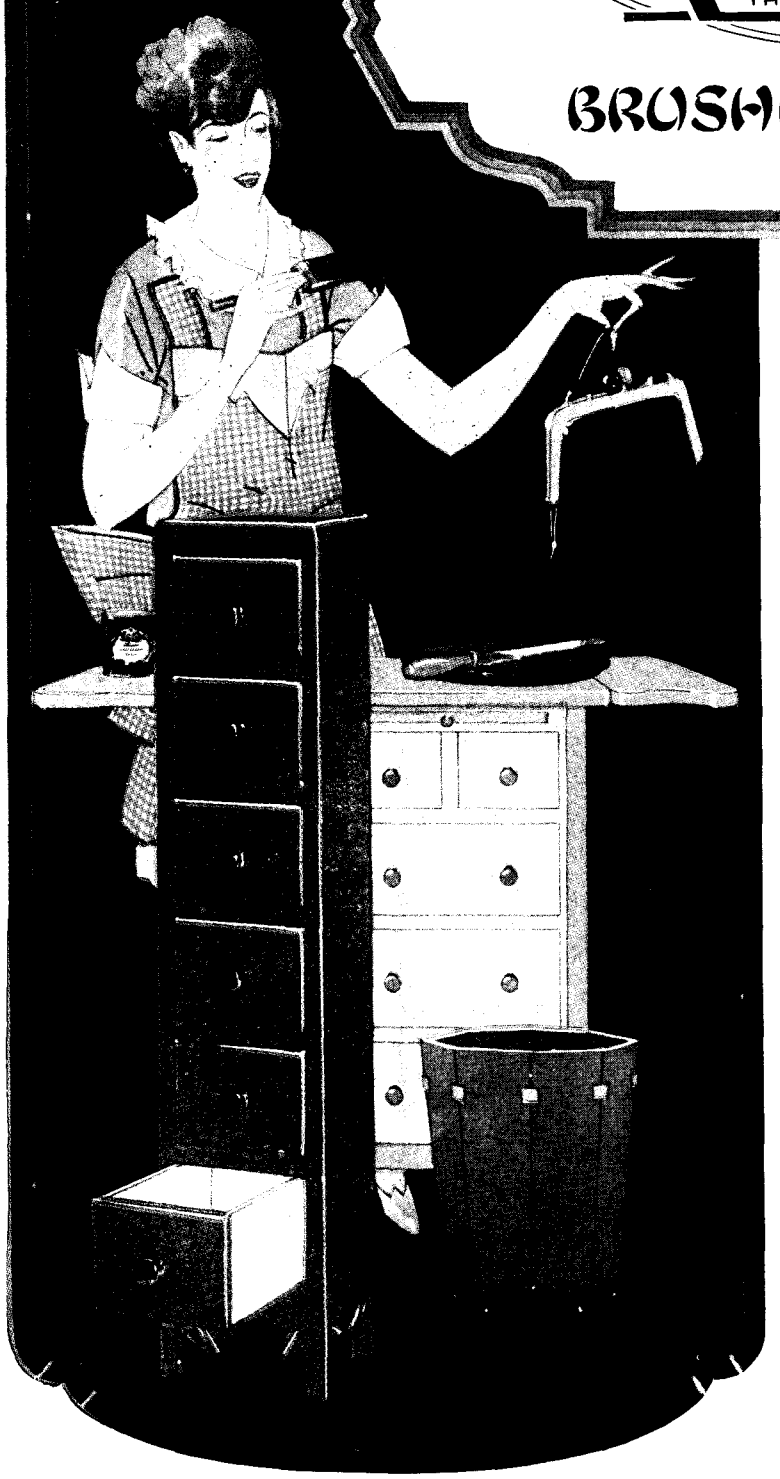

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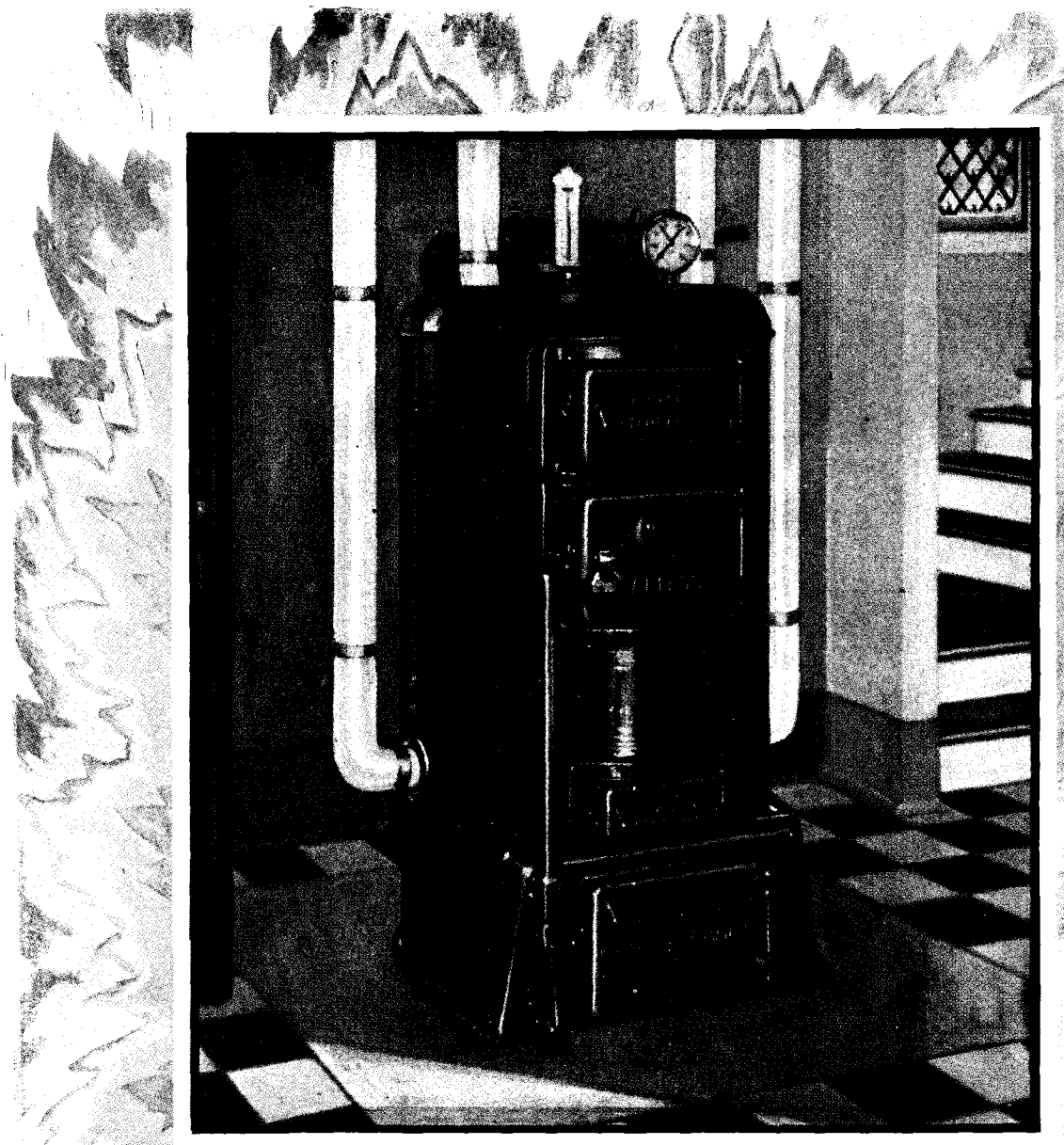

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Master of Sinister House

Continued from page 19

As I stood peering into the obscurity around me, the air was suddenly rent with a sound as though a million telephone bells set in different keys were clanging one against the other. Simultaneously from the tower came a blinding stream of light, passing slowly in a semicircle from the house. By its illumination we saw that a procession of dark forms in single file was creeping toward the house.

CAUGHT in that sudden blaze of light, they hesitated, and although the situation was tense enough, for I realized at once that we were much outnumbered, my first impulse was to laugh. They swayed and staggered about as though they were drunk. Then the leader made a spring forward, and with a hideous cry leaped into the air and fell over motionless. The invaders were quick enough to recover themselves. They stepped over the fallen body, and came running toward the house in the form of a semicircle. Huntley, a few yards off, cursed softly.

"Bad work!" he muttered. "Someone's done a split. If they hadn't come singly the wire would have had the lot. Look out, sir!"

As it was, the attack seemed a little demoralized. A second searchlight from the other tower, flashing unexpectedly in the eyes of the invaders, and blinding them with its intense brilliance, created something of a panic. The sound of alarm bells died away, however. The searchlight could play only upon one section at a time. A tall figure from the center of the attackers blew a whistle, and the result was electric. The skulkers returned, and they were at us.

So far as I could tell, we were outnumbered about two to one. We were better fighters, however, and although they were possessed of a sort of ferocious cunning, their methods were of less use in the open. I saw no trace of weapons at first, so I went ahead with my fists, and the first man I hit—I admit he was taken by surprise—finished the month in Bringford Hospital. The next—a sallow-faced, loose-limbed youth, with long arms and astonishingly nimble feet—dodged me so cleverly that I very nearly overbalanced myself, and gave him a momentary advantage. Then I saw the flash of steel in his hand as he crept round me, and just in time I sent him smashing over with a short uppercut to the jaw. The sight of his craftily concealed knife, however, had angered me, and I caught up my leaded stick and swung out with it fiercely at my next assailant.

In the midst of it all there was the sound of a long, shrill whistle. The two men with whom I was at that moment engaged slunk away, and I gathered that for some reason either a parley or a cessation of the fight was indicated. Then, full in the searchlight which was playing once more, I saw a tall, thin figure, wearing a black mask—the young man of the motor car in the afternoon, I was convinced—step boldly forward.

"Rachel!" he cried.

There was no reply. Suddenly the front door opened, and there shot out into a little semicircle of light Martin Hews in his small carriage. He appeared to be unarmed, but one hand was underneath the rug.

"Come and fetch her," he invited, in his queer high-pitched voice. "No doubt she is pining in her room. Come and fetch her, Joseph."

"Very well, I will," was the calm reply.

The masked man took a few steps forward. The rest of the gang, who had been making for the char-à-bancs, hesitated, and some of them retraced their steps. The fight seemed about to recommence when I heard a voice from one of the lower windows. I looked up. A shadowy form was standing at the casement of a darkened room. As soon as she spoke I knew that it was Rachel.

"Look out, Jo!" she warned him. "The little man has a gun under the rug."

Joseph paused. He was now about twenty paces from where Martin Hews was sitting in his chair, with Miles, the most terrified person I have ever seen in my life, standing by his side. Joseph waved his hand to the window.

Miles staggered out into the night with the terror still on his face. Martin Hews reversed his little carriage into a dark corner where he was out of sight. I doubt whether anyone but myself saw his hand steal up from underneath the rug. The darkness was stabbed by a quick flash. Miles spun round and round, gave one shriek of agony, and fell. . . .

They were all running for the char-à-bancs now—Joseph, with a cigarette in his mouth, sauntering on behind. A sudden desire came upon me to take him alive. My luck of the night, however, forsook me. I was trying to cut him off from the others by circling round a strip of marsh land, and I put my foot into one of the deep holes filled with mud

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Crooks' Convention

Gildad gathered his criminals for the master stroke and what a story followed!

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

"Very well," he called out softly. "We'll dine at Shirley's before the week's out, kid."

She laughed mockingly.

"I don't know as I want to. You let Jim get away."

I HAD recovered my breath, and was ready again for action, and it seemed to me no impossible task to cut Joseph off from the gang who were lining out some distance behind him. He saw me move, however, and swung around. We had one another covered, but neither pressed the trigger of his gun. No one had called for an armistice, but the fever of fighting had abated. It was like shooting a man in cold blood. Joseph faced me, and although, when he spoke, his words were clearly pronounced, I think that he must have known we were due to meet again, for his voice was disguised.

"If you fire," he said, "my men will tear you to pieces; it really wouldn't be worth while, for you would probably miss me. Good night, everybody. Good night, Martin Hews."

"Take this with you," the latter replied, turning suddenly with a venomous look at Miles. "Out you go, you common informer. Take your rubbish, Joseph."

and water with which the whole of the marshy land was pitted. Before I could stagger to my feet, the char-à-bancs was throbbing and grunting its way cityward.

I found lights streaming from every window of the mansion, and the front door wide open. The first person I saw as I stumbled in was Martin Hews, seated in his chair with Minchin by his side. In the far distance Miss Essiter was bandaging Huntley's arm.

"Dear me, dear me, Major!" my employer chuckled as he inspected my appearance. "Another one to add to the list of casualties, I fear."

"Major Owston!" Miss Essiter exclaimed, looking across at me with the first suggestion of a human expression in her face I had ever seen.

For the first few seconds after my arrival, I was incapable of speech, even of hearing. Every fiber of my body was responding to the emotion of the moment. A murderer! There he sat, a few feet away, his eyes challenging mine. I knew very well, even in those dazed moments, what he was asking me. Then, with an effort, I pulled myself together. Beatrice Essiter, her task accomplished, was hastening toward me. There was a shocked look in her face.

"You must come and let me look after you at once, Major Owston," she insisted.

I realized then that blood was streaming from a gash in my head down my cheeks, and on my clothes.

"They have handled you roughly, I am afraid, Major," Martin Hews remarked, gliding a little nearer us.

"Serves him right," cried a shrill voice from the top of the banisters. "Crickey! A great fellow like that never ought to have been let loose among a lot of undersized 'uns. They didn't half cop it. You big bully, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

I looked up, startled. Rachel was leaning over the oak balcony of the first landing. She threw me a kiss flagrantly.

"You will have to come to your room, Major Owston," Beatrice Essiter announced. "Huntley, if you feel strong enough, can you find any sort of a change of clothes?"

I was hurried away. With indifferent but skillful fingers, Beatrice Essiter washed the blood from my face and dressed the wounds. Huntley presently arrived with a change of clothes, and soon I began to feel myself again.

Suddenly we heard the stopping of a car outside.

"The police at last!" she exclaimed.

TWO policemen and an inspector in uniform were in the hall when I arrived, and a surgeon who had come with them in an ambulance was out in the grounds. I went to the sideboard and helped myself to a stiff whisky and soda. When I returned the inspector had departed for the grounds to take note of the casualties, and my employer was leaning back in his chair.

"New sort of fighting for you, Major?"

"We had the best of it, I think, but we ought to do better next time with a little method."

"Every one of my men, as you doubtless observed," he continued, "has been a fighter. I watched you, Owston. I am satisfied with my bargain. As usual, I was right in my judgment. It is really an amazing thing how seldom I make a mistake."

"I wish I had gone for that fellow Joseph earlier in the evening."

"I am glad that you did not," was the response. "Joseph, they say, is a terrible fellow to deal with, and a wonderful fighter. We might have lost your help."

"What I cannot understand," I told him, "is why they all cleared off so suddenly."

"I can tell you why they went," he said. "I know Joseph's methods. They had a man near Bringford police station, and directly the police got the message and started out he sent a warning. But for an act of treachery, Major, many more would never have got away at all."

"Treachery?" I repeated.

His eyes held mine.

"Miles," he explained. "He went up to London during the afternoon, and I thought it as well to have him watched. Joseph arrived tonight with a plan of our defenses. If his men had attacked as usual, in a semicircle, there wouldn't have been half of them able to swing a fist or raise a knife. They wouldn't have got over the shock by now. As it was, they came in single file, feeling for the wire, and only one man got it. I put Miles in the chair, and when he had done shrieking he confessed. You are a soldier, Major. You understand the

(*Continued on page 32*)

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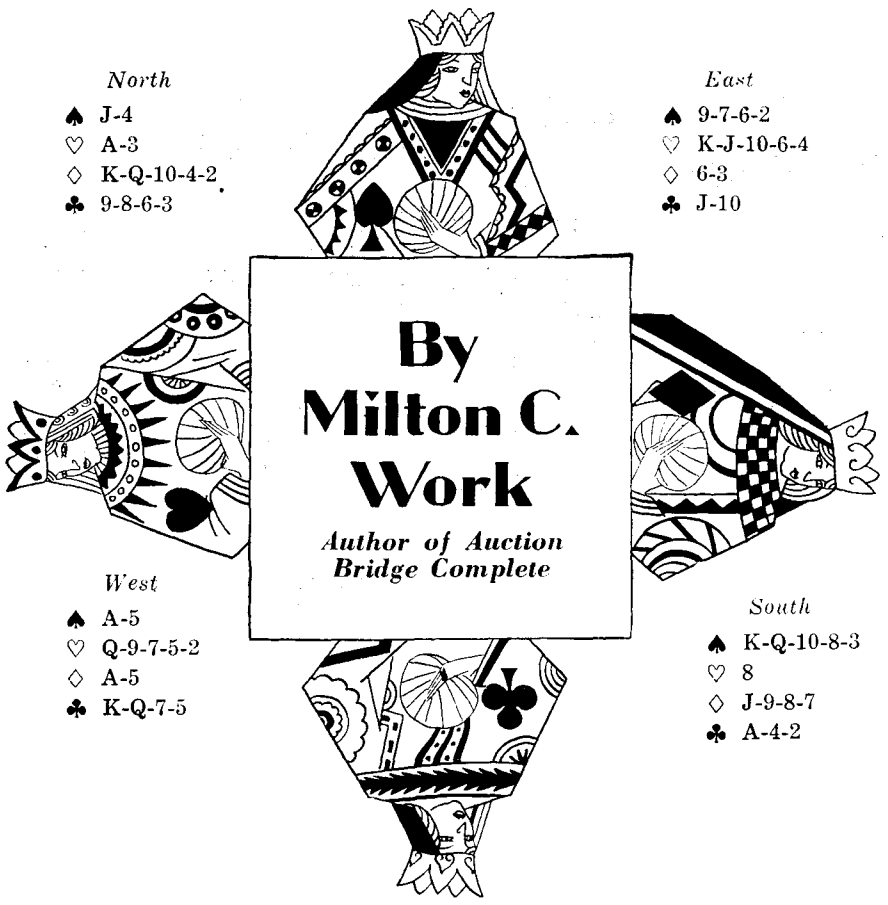
How would You play it?



THE above Auction Bridge hand was given in last week's Collier's; the description follows:

The Auction

South opened with one Spade. The soundness of this bid is obvious. A five-card King-Queen suit with a side Ace fully justifies an initial bid as the hand contains the necessary two quick tricks and length of suit-named qualifications. In this case the Ten of Spades makes the bid a trifle more conservative; with the side Ace it would have been sound even if the Spades had been King-Queen-4-3-2.

West was entirely too strong to pass and bid two Hearts though she had two other declarations open to her; she might double, or bid one No Trump.

The Heart bid on the first round seems to be West's soundest declaration; of course a Queen-Nine suit is a very weak one, but three quick tricks on the side justify it, especially as a following bid.

North, with the Ace of the adverse Heart suit and a quick trick in Diamonds, gladly would have raised her partner's Spades; but lack of normal support in the Spade suit made that declaration unsound. She bid three Diamonds.

East raised West's two Hearts to three Hearts. Although without side strength, she was justified. Five prospective trumps headed by King-Jack-Ten and two doubletons warrant the raise, though not of more than one.

South, on the second round, used good judgment and abandoned the Spades by raising her partner to four Diamonds. North had denied Spades and South's four Diamonds headed by a Jack had not been shown by her initial bid; neither had her singleton Heart and her consequent ability to ruff the adverse suit.

West bid four Hearts and obtained the contract.

The Play

North naturally opened with the Jack of Spades and West won the first trick with the Ace. A Diamond opening would have produced the same result. A thoughtless Declarer would have started immediately to exhaust the adverse trumps, but West was thoughtful and planned before she played. She was anxious to exhaust the adverse trumps, but if she started her Hearts the adversaries would win with their Ace of trumps, win one more Spade and then lead Diamonds. With the Diamonds established before the Ace of Clubs was taken from the South hand, the adversaries surely would make one trick in each suit, which would leave Declarer with only three-odd, one short of her contract. It therefore was essential for the Declarer to lead a small Club to trick 2 so as to let one of Dummy's honors force the Ace of Clubs from the adverse hand that held it before the Ace of Diamonds was extracted from West's hand.

Declarer played it that way and when South won with her Ace of Clubs, she took a Spade trick and then led a Diamond.

Declarer won the Diamond with the Ace and before leading trumps continued Clubs so that Dummy could discard a losing Diamond. The trumps were then led with safety because, after the adverse Ace had made, the adversaries could take no more tricks. This limited the tricks lost to one Spade, and the Aces of Clubs and Hearts; it avoided the loss of a Diamond and gave Declarer the game.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North	*East*
S. K-4-3	S. Q-5
H. Q-8-6-3	H. K-7-2
D. 9-5-2	D. K-Q
C. A-6-2	C. K-Q-J-10-8-3
West	*South*
S. 9-7	S. A-J-10-8-6-2
H. 10-9-5-4	H. A-J
D. A-J-7-6-4	D. 10-8-3
C. 9-7	C. 5-4

Master of Sinister House

Continued from page 31

treatment of spies. The death of Miles was an ethical act of justice. It must be regarded as such. I trust that you agree with me."

I swallowed hard, and for a moment I could find no answer.

"Perhaps," he went on softly, "you are inclined to doubt my word. You need not. A deliberate lie I have never told in my life. My niece knows of this business. She will confirm what I tell you. A traitor, Major, must die a traitor's death."

"I suppose so," I agreed.

He nodded: so far as I was concerned, and I was the only man who had seen the shot, the affair was finished.

The inspector returned—apparently a much graver man.

"This is a more serious matter than I had imagined, sir," he announced. "We found a dead man outside, shot through the back, and three or four others, dangerously wounded."

"The dead man is my own butler," Martin Hews scowled. "I had just trained him into my ways, and his loss is a great inconvenience to me. As for the miscreants who tried to storm my house, the only regret I have is that every one of them wasn't badly wounded."

"I notice," said the inspector, "that your house is fitted with nearly every burglar alarm I have ever heard of. You have too a most unusual number of manservants and a powerful searchlight."

"And why not?" my employer asked irritably. "I am a nervous person, and, as you may have heard, I have been a collector of treasures all my life. Had we waited for you, there would have been serious bloodshed, and I should have been half a million pounds the poorer."

"I won't detain you any longer, sir," said the inspector. "I still have your servants to question."

"This household will be here tomorrow or the next day, and there is a good deal more to be learned on the road between here and London than in my house. I presume your business is to arrest the burglars who were guilty of this outrageous attack."

"I have taken such steps as are necessary in that direction, sir," the man replied. "Every police station in the vicinity has been notified, and Scotland Yard men are now watching the approaches to London."

"I am perfectly convinced that you have the chance now of breaking up a famous gang of criminals. In that undertaking I wish you every success. My household is, I fear, a little disorganized, but my secretary, Major Owston, here, will be glad to offer you some refreshment."

He swung round in his chair, paused for a moment at the foot of the stairs to allow his wheels to enter the grooves, and flew up them with a speed and unexpectedness which left the inspector gasping. "Bless my soul!" he exclaimed. "Ain't he a marvel!"

IT MUST have been, as I afterward discovered, about a quarter to three, an hour after I had retired to bed, that, notwithstanding my fatigue, I woke with a violent start. My first impulse was to look at the globes on the wall opposite to me. Not one of them was burning. I touched the electric switch of the lamp at the side of my bed, and I received a genuine shock. There was no result. Stiff in every limb, I tumbled out of bed and tried the other switch. Still no result. Then, as I stood there, I heard a soft tapping. I threw open the door. A figure, at first undistinguishable, was standing there, holding an electric torch. Directly she spoke, I realized that it was Beatrice Essiter.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"I can't tell," she confided. "For one thing, the whole of the electric installation seems to have gone wrong. Jenkins, the electrician, never appeared after the fight was over, and I fancied, just as I was getting into bed, that the lights were becoming fainter."

"The police searched the whole house," I remarked. "Did they visit the engine-room?"

"I believe they did. I remember how surprised the inspector seemed to be at the size of our engine. Jenkins must have been on duty then, or they couldn't have got in without breaking the door down. I was just going off to sleep, when I fancied that I heard voices in the room where that little Jewess is. It was then I found out that the lights weren't going, and I am afraid I made some noise in groping about before I could find the torches. Anyhow, she was alone when she opened the door to me."

"DO ANY of your secret passages connect her apartment with any other portion of the house?"

"Yes. If she knew where her door was, and had a plan she could find her way almost anywhere. One of the plans is missing. Miles confessed this evening that he had stolen it and sold it to Joseph."

"You are sure the inspector actually visited the engine house?" I asked.

"Quite certain. If any one of the raiders had used the plan to find their way in there by the secret passage, and done any damage to the plant or to Jenkins, he must have found it out."

"What about the girl? Did you tell her that you thought you had heard voices in her room? Had she any explanation to offer?"

"She was rather impudent. Declared that she must have been saying her prayers."

"You haven't communicated with your uncle, I suppose?"

"I tried to get into the library, but I couldn't open the door. I am not nervous as a rule, but at the present moment I am absolutely terrified."

"Where does your uncle sleep?"

"In a room leading out of the library. He very seldom goes to bed at night, though. He generally writes and works out plans for the next day until six o'clock, and goes to bed until twelve."

"I'll go up at once. You haven't another torch, have you?"

She handed me the one she was carrying.

"I have two more in my pocket."

I loaded my automatic quickly, and slipped it into my pocket. Then I followed her out into the now deserted hall, and mounted the stairs with her. We paused first when we arrived at the third story outside the door which opened and closed only by the electric appliances from Martin Hews' desk. I pressed the button, but nothing happened. I too was conscious of an uneasy feeling. A thin stream of light was just visible under the door. I should have said that I was conscious of waves of sound which never became absolutely definite, and yet left me with a disturbed sense of movement, of action, in the closed room.

"Where is the other door?" I whispered.

"This way," she answered.

(*Continued on page 34*)

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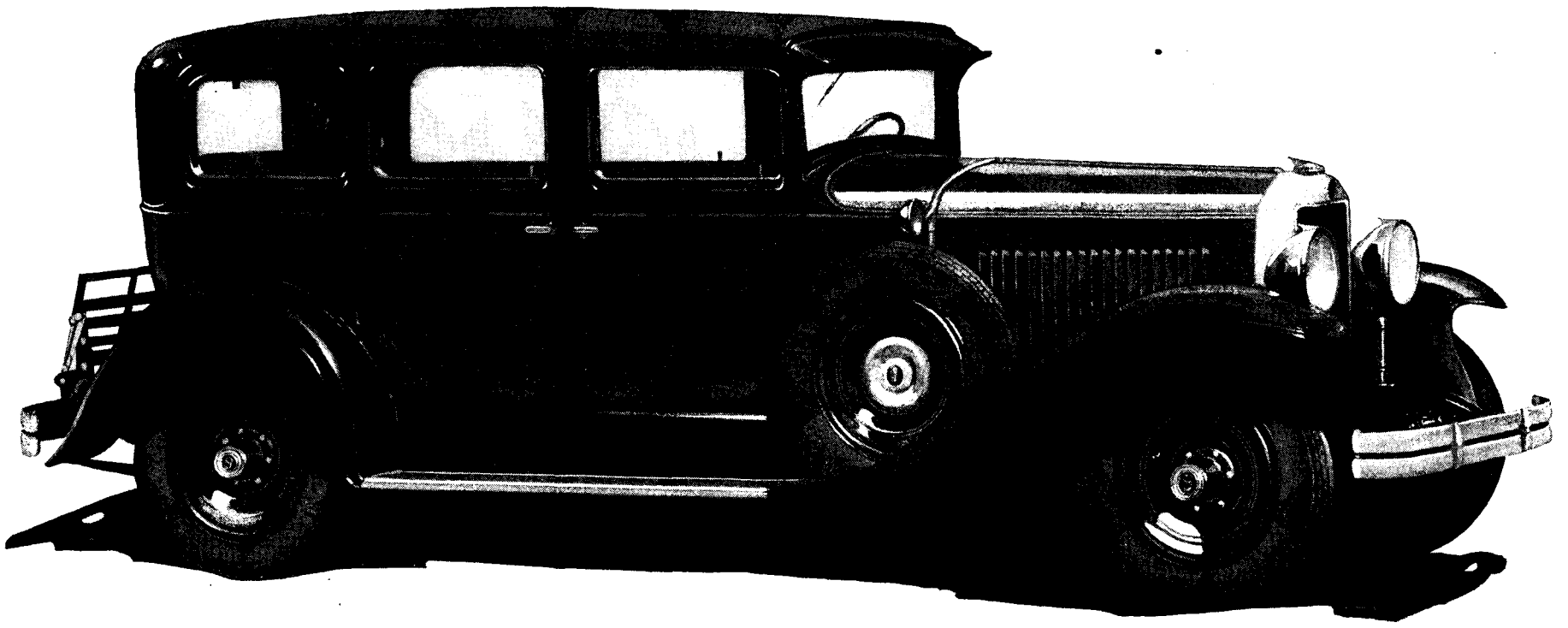
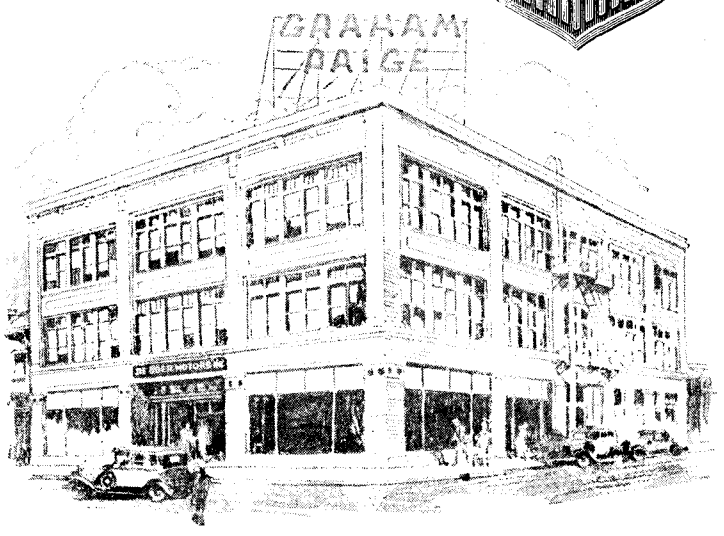


Public Approval

Graham-Paige owners are best served by distributors and dealers who possess the fundamental three C's—Character, Capability, and Capital. Illustrated is the headquarters of DeBoer Motors, Inc., distributor in the Milwaukee territory



Six months' sales of Graham-Paige sixes and eights exceeded those of any twelve months in eighteen years. We will continue to so manufacture each motor car that Graham-Paige may retain and increase this public approval.

Five chassis—sixes and eights—prices ranging from $860 to $2485. Illustrated is Model 629, five-passenger Sedan, with 4-speed transmission (standard shift—two high speeds), $1985. All prices f. o. b. Detroit.

Joseph B. Graham
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GRAHAM-PAIGE

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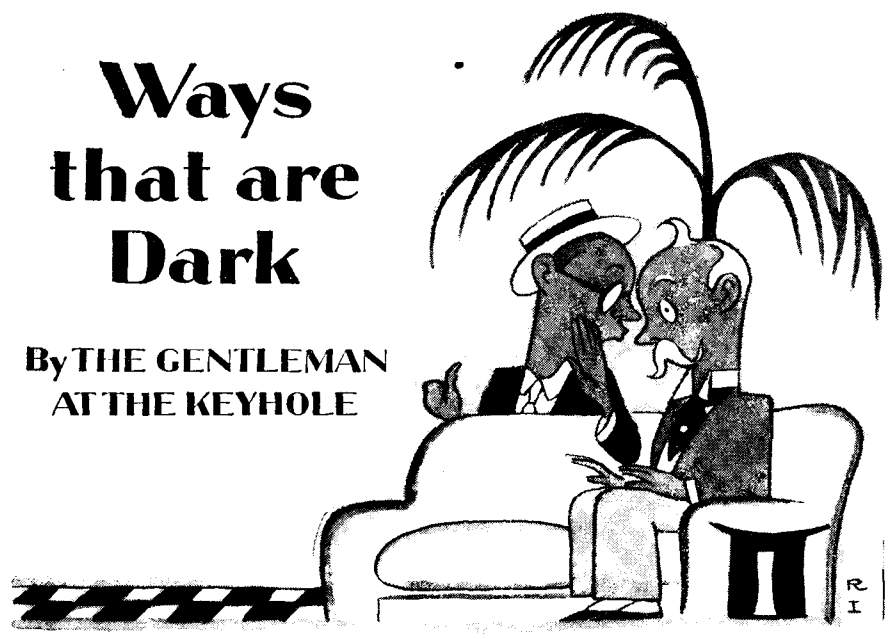
Ways that are Dark

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE



IN THE South whenever the Democratic leaders are hard pressed in a campaign they always raise the Negro issue. The colored brother is always presented as the political twin of the white Republican with disastrous effect. They are doing it already this year.

In North Carolina a Republican politician remarked to a Democratic leader, "You fellows were trotting out the Negro as early as July. That means you're scared."

This revives a memory of how the Negro was used to save Missouri for the Democrats in the first Bryan campaign. The conservative members of the party were deserting because of Mr. Bryan's fifty-cent dollars. No money could be raised to fight the Republicans with, because the big fellows with the jack were all supporting McKinley.

Joseph B. Shannon of Kansas City, who is still a power out there, was running the Democratic campaign in that part of the world with $146 in the treasury.

The rebel Democrats of Kansas City were naturally conservative. It was hard for them to vote for a "black Republican" but how they loved their dollars. If something were done to stir their aversion of the Republicans the state might be saved for Bryan!

Negroes in the border states are supposed to vote the Republican ticket but be otherwise inconspicuous.

So Mr. Shannon and one of his associates conceived a brilliant idea. They had printed a lot of orders for $2 and $3 on the biggest and swellest banker in town, the high-hatted patriot who was to lead a "sound money" parade. They went around the Negro quarter offering $2 and $3 for Negroes who would join the parade, $2 for simple marchers and $3 for men who would cheer.

Everyone wanted to cheer but there was not printed money enough to go around on that basis.

The Cause of Sound Money

The colored brothers were parked on side streets. The big bankers marched by, high-hatted and impressive. They were followed by the business and professional men. Then came the wage earners who wanted 100-cent dollars. As the end of the procession went by 3,100 Negroes swung out of the side streets and fell in behind it, led by the one Democratic Negro of Kansas City, who had received 10 real dollars for his part in the enterprise.

"'Ray for McKinley!" roared the $3 Negroes and even the $2 ones could not restrain their enthusiasm for the cause of sound money and contributed vocal services for which they were not paid.

The rebel brigadiers and colonels lining the sidewalks, almost persuaded by the impressive view of the bankers, suddenly stiffened their backs.

The Republicans were full of consternation. To order the Negroes out of the parade would lose the Negro vote. So the cheering 3,100 marched to the end of the route.

A grand demonstration in honor of sound money was ruined. The leading citizens in the line of march were humiliated. The Republicans knew that Kansas City was probably lost to McKinley. The Negroes knew that they had earned $2 and $3 very easily and pleasantly. They loved to parade. Never had they been so signally honored as by this invitation to join in the white man's parade. McKinley was solid at least in one quarter of the city. All night the colored section celebrated, having $2 and $3 orders in its pockets.

A Contribution to the Cause

The next morning the Negroes began to present their $2 and $3 orders on the bank on which they were purported to be drawn. The teller knew nothing about the orders and refused to pay them. The arrival of the president of the bank must be waited for. The crowd of Negroes swelled until nearly the whole 3,100 of them were waiting.

The bank president arrived. No, he knew nothing about the money orders and he would not pay them.

By this time the Republican leaders realized what was happening. They rushed to the bank. The president, a Democrat up to that time, was furious at them for the trick he thought they had played upon him. They protested they knew nothing about the $2 and $3 orders. It was a trick the Democrats had played.

Still they insisted that the Negroes must be paid even though the orders were faked. To refuse to pay them meant the alienation of 3,100 Negro voters and all their friends. That might mean the loss of Missouri to McKinley. And the loss of that state might mean the loss of the nation and the doom of sound money.

"Well," said the banker, "you pay them. I'll be swinged if I will!"

"No," said the Republicans, "we can't. We haven't that much money on hand. You must pay them. It will be your contribution to the cause. Think what you stand to lose if Bryan is elected."

Full of rage the banker honored between $7,000 and $8,000 worth of fake orders upon him. The Negroes went home feeling that Bryan was wrong about 16 to 1. But the Southern brigadiers and colonels were lost to the cause of sound money.

Master of Sinister House

Continued from page 32

She led me a few paces down the corridor, and directed my fingers on to a small, ordinary door knob.

Martin Hews was seated at his desk, stiff and rigid, his hands palms downward upon the table, his eyes protuberant, his mouth a little open. He was watched over by the inspector, still wearing his uniform, but with the upper part of his features now concealed by a black mask. In the middle of the room were two large kit bags, one of them already filled and strapped, ready for removal.

The rosewood-rimmed show cases, which contained a collection of gold medals and some priceless, uncut precious stones were already empty, and the taller of the two policemen, also in a mask, was in the act of cutting a small Correggio which hung over the door from its frame.

The third policeman had lifted his mask for a moment while he held an exquisite pink pearl up to the lamp, by the light of which they were working, before finally approving of it; and seated on the back of a divan, facing me, with a cigarette in the corner of her mouth, was Rachel.

NEVER in my life have I looked upon so thrilling a scene as that dimly lighted apartment: the three men, with their sinister black masks; Martin Hews, his face drab with terror, his eyes almost starting from his head, and the girl lolling there, with a cigarette dangling from her red lips. . . .

My entrance had been so noiseless that I had time to take all this in before I was observed, and there is no doubt whatever that if I had been anything but a fool I should have stepped softly back and waited for the result of the alarm which Beatrice Essiter had no doubt already given. Before I had fully realized the situation, however, Rachel saw me. Her great eyes glowed across the room, and the cigarette fell from her fingers. For what reason, I could not at that moment surmise, but in the act of screaming out she seemed to change her mind, and remained with the cry stifled in her throat. Her start, however, had been sufficient. The man who was examining the pearl looked quickly up, swung round and faced me. I covered him at once.

"Hands up! Both of you!" I cried. "Quick!"

The man who had been cutting the Correggio from the frame obeyed. The nearer one hesitated. I could see the wicked flash of his eyes as he dropped the pearl from his long, skinny fingers and ducked. His hand was on its way toward his hip pocket, and with the other man to look after, I dared not hesitate a second.

I shot at his legs, and although I missed them the first time, the second bullet must have broken his knee cap, for he went spinning round and the gun slid out of his hand on the carpet. The other man had crept a step nearer to me, but his hands were still upraised. I had him covered again while his companion lay writhing upon the carpet.

"Shoot him, you bloody fool!" the latter shouted. "Take a risk, can't you?"

"Gun's in my helmet upon the table," the man spat out. "Kick me yours."

The wounded man made an effort to roll over, but stopped at the sound of my voice.

"Touch the gun, and you're a dead man," I warned him. "Keep your hands up, you there!"

I was beginning to think that I had won my way through and was master of the situation. The man on the ground had fainted with his last effort to reach his gun. The other was standing obediently well away from the table with his hands up and, according to his own admission, unarmed. Then suddenly I heard Rachel's voice—a hoarse, passionate whisper:

"Look out, you fool! Look out, behind the curtains!"

Even as she shouted I remembered the third man at the far end of the room. His chair was vacant. Martin Hews, unguarded, was leaning forward across the table, his face distorted with mingled rage and fear, and a miniature automatic, with a specially made butt, clenched in his hand. The man who had been guarding him had disappeared, but Rachel's cry had disclosed his plan. The whole of the left-hand side of the room between the two doors was hung with magnificent tapestry, toward which she had pointed. I saw the bulge in it grow nearer every moment as the pseudo inspector crept up toward me. About three yards from where he now was came a parting in the tapestry. Nearer and nearer came the quiver behind the tapestry. Then I saw an inch or two of dull, sinister metal slowly forced through the opening. Shooting men in cold blood in the library of an English country house was nothing to my fancy, but in another second, when his eye had crept up to the chink, I was his mark. I swung around and pulled the trigger of my gun twice in succession, trying to hit the arm which held the pistol. The other man, who had been watching his opportunity, leaped forward the moment he was uncovered, but in a second there was the spit of a shot from behind him, and he staggered round to fall with a sickening crash upon the carpet.

Martin Hews, steering his chair beautifully between the bodies of the two wounded men, drew up at my side, also covering the partition in the tapestry. We waited breathlessly. The man in hiding was evidently hit, for there was no movement, and no sound but his groans.

"Don't trust any of them, sir," I shouted. "Keep your hand upon your gun. The man on the floor's coming to."

Martin Hews smiled. Throughout the whole of my somewhat tangled memories of that scene I remembered his smile. There was ugly humor, there was blood lust, there was ferocity, all there.

"Well spoken, my gallant Major!" he cried. "My preserver, and a made man from this moment. Little lady on the divan, we shall find you a prince for a sweetheart, not a guttersnipe."

SHE had slipped to her feet. Her air was one of bravado, but I think that even then she began to realize what she had done—that she had turned against her people, that she would probably never again dare to show herself in her old haunts. Perhaps she knew. At any rate, she shrugged her shoulders and wiped the cigarette ash from her sleeve.

"They fight dirty," she declared. "They've got what was coming to them. Jo would say the same if he was here."

Then I heard the tramping of feet, the panting of men running, and we knew that our ordeal was over. Minchin was first into the room, followed pell-mell by Huntley and Grateson. In the background I caught a glimpse of Beatrice Essiter, and all the chill ill-humor had gone from her face, and her eyes were glowing with a great relief.

(*To be continued next week*)

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Is this tobacco a part of every college education?

Pipe-smoker still enjoys the same tobacco he learned to smoke fifteen years ago at college.

Considering the age-old discussions pro and con on the value of college education, it is interesting to hear from an old graduate who found at least one subject useful in later life.

When a group of "old grads" gets together some member of the party often brings up the subject of what his alma mater did for him. The good results mentioned are apt to range all the way from good fellowship to the development of brain power.

But here's a letter that brings to light an entirely different advantage of college education. Pipe-smoking is one of the things Mr. Wilson learned at college. He still enjoys his pipe, though he has given up playing football and the study of the dead languages.

Furthermore, he states that Edgeworth is the tobacco which he learned to smoke fifteen years ago, and that it was traditional for each fellow, at the proper time, to adopt the smoking of Edgeworth as a symbol of his entrance into man's estate.

All Edgeworthites, it seems, are part of a great informal brotherhood—a pipe-lovers' club—the members of which are knit closer by the bond of affection they hold for their favorite tobacco.

And although we have been told before that Edgeworth has comforted many a college lad in his den or on the campus, this gentleman seems to have brought to light an entirely unsuspected college chapter of the Edgeworth Club.

131 Germania Place,
Chicago, Ill.

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

It was at college that I learned to smoke Edgeworth. Of course I also learned a few other things at college. One was to play football. Another was to study the dead languages. Now, fifteen years later, I have given up playing football and studying dead languages, but have not yet given up smoking Edgeworth Tobacco.

It was a sort of tradition for each fellow as he threw off the toga of boyhood and put on the cloak of young manhood to adopt the smoking of Edgeworth as a symbol of his entrance into man's estate. At the right time, each one followed the example of his predecessors and bought a pipe and a tin of Edgeworth.

Being fortunate enough to enjoy the surpassing mildness and sweetness of Edgeworth right at the threshold of his smoking career, each young fellow as a general rule found any other tobacco unsatisfying, and adhered to Edgeworth year after year. When I have met some of them many years after and have seen them light up their pipes, I have often inquired:

"Still smoking Edgeworth?"

Almost invariably the answer has been "Yes; I still like it better than any other; it's got a very pleasant flavor. And it's mild; it never burns the tongue."

Cordially yours,

FRANK H. WILSON

To anyone who has never tried Edgeworth, we now make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice. Put Edgeworth in your pipe and smoke it. If you like the samples, you can be sure you'll keep on liking Edgeworth no matter when or where you buy it because Edgeworth's quality is *always* the same.

When you pack your pipe with Edgeworth you'll find it's not unlike meeting up with a good old friend—the kind you can always count on.

To get the free samples, send your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 35 S. 21st St., Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 254.1 meters. Frequency 1180 kilocycles

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Juliet was a Lady

Continued from page 7

any luck we ought to be on Broadway all next season."

"How luffly!" she smiled. "I feel so proud of you, mon ami, and have always know' in the bottom of my heart that some day you will be recognize' as a famous artist. You are so kind—so good—" and then, in her gentlest voice: "I would like to shake with you and wish you the good luck."

He reached over the bed, and her fingers lightly twined around his. It was a strange moment for drama. There were no footlights, for instance, no carefully measured crescendo of speech or action, no blue or amber spots—and yet when this mademoiselle of the seals looked up from her hospital cot and smiled bravely into his eyes, the Great Parnelli felt such a thrill run over him, felt such a smarting in his nose and ache in his throat, that for a time he was afraid to trust himself to speak.

"I must be careful," he told himself as he left the hospital a few minutes later. "Emotion is all very well on the stage—but—I must not barter my birthright—for the song of the Lorelei. . . ."

In one respect, at least, the Great Parnelli's luck held good. Kenneth Forrester "and a distinguished company" opened in New York the following September and stayed there until the next May. But, truth to tell, Parnelli wasn't altogether happy.

"Talk about Juliet being jealous!" he told Mademoiselle one afternoon at the hospital. "She ought to see Forrester. I—ah—earned a certain measure of applause lahst night, for instance. Ahfter the show, K. F. sent for me. To offer me his compliments, I imagined, and—ah—possibly a substantial increase of salary. But—ha! Instead he warned me to subdue my acting for the future. 'It may surprise you to know, sir, that the public comes to see me—ah—not you—ah—however admirable your latent talents may be—ah—and a supporting company supports, sir: it does not grimace nor swagger across the stage—ah—when acting as a servant in a tavern.'"

"I do not like your Kenneth Forrester," said Mademoiselle, looking at him with tender sympathy in her eyes.

A FEW weeks later hope blossomed in the Great Parnelli.

"He isn't feeling well," he triumphantly reported. "You ought to see him without his make-up. He looks terrible! He's a wreck! We're playing 'The Bells of St. Stephen, and I'm his understudy. *'Ah! . . . The Bells! . . . The Bells! . . . Their brazen swollen throats, I hear, now tolling—out—his—doooom!*"

But neither sickness nor death stayed Kenneth Forrester on the rounds of his appointed performances that winter.

"I'm getting sick of it," mourned the professor toward spring. "No personal applause—no personal reputation—nothing but grind, grind, grind as background for that big ham!"

"Never mind," Mademoiselle soothed him as ever. "I shall soon be out again now, and I will come and clap my hands off ever' time you even show your nose."

Of course they talked of other things too—of Old Bill and Juliet, for instance—who were still in the Zoo doing their tricks for the public.

"As soon as I am better," said Mademoiselle, "we will go up and see if Ol' Bill remember me yet."

"Don't worry," he told her. "Anyone who ever knew you—even a seal—would never forget you."

They looked at each other—she with her earnest, serious eyes—he with his deepest glance.

"Ah, mon ami!" breathed Mademoiselle, "you are the wonderful artist—with even a glance you t'rill me so, I know not how to speak! . . ."

IT WAS one of those May morns on which poets go mad, when Mademoiselle and the Great Parnelli made their first visit to the Zoo. On their way uptown they stopped at a fish shop so that she could get a pint of dried scallops; and the fish shop being near a florist's he went in there and came out with a bunch of violets.

"Ooh! For me?" cried Mademoiselle.

"Dear lady," said he in his deepest voice, "I can think of no one more worthy—nor more beautiful."

"You mus' forgive me," she said. "But always over a bunch of violets in the springtime I mus' weep a little—though I cannot tell why."

So she wept a little—that is to say, her eyes became dewy, but were soon all the brighter for their tears.

"There!" she said, when that was over. "Now if Ol' Bill will only know me, my happy day will be complete."

At least Jocko knew her—Jocko in a keeper's cap, even as she had been told. He shook hands with her, swarthy and inarticulate as ever, and then led them to a pool in a basin of rocks.

"I'll give 'em a whistle," he said. "Soon be here."

Juliet was the first to appear, sleek-headed and brown-eyed as ever. She caught her scallop with a practiced air, meanwhile looking at her visitors with a puzzled expression as though to say, "Haven't I seen you two before?"

Old Bill appeared next, and the moment he lifted his head out of the water he knew who had come to see him. With a hoarse cry of welcome he scuttled up the bank to Mademoiselle and ate fish and rolled on his back and wriggled and slapped his tail and ate more fish and cried again in mingled pleasure and welcome. Then all at once he stopped short and, diving into the pool, disappeared in a grotto of rocks, soon proudly reappearing with a little brown head cutting the water by his side.

"Ooh, a baby seal!" cried Mademoiselle in a rapture of excitement. "But tell me, Jocko—is it theirs?"

"Yes, miss," said Jocko proudly. "Six weeks old and as smart a young 'un as I ever see."

"But how luffly!" cried Mademoiselle, clapping her hands. As if remembering his cue, Old Bill straightened up and clapped his flippers together. Meanwhile Juliet had worked her way forward to Mademoiselle's feet and was eating scallops as fast as they were dropped into her mouth.

"You see?" said Mademoiselle. "She has forgive' me. I think perhaps she understands now." And to Jocko: "They are happy, you think?"

"Well, miss," said Jocko, fidgeting and frowning a bit together, "it's been a quiet winter up here—and, between you and me, I think they miss the crowds, like, and the excitement, and the applause they get on the stage. I know there's times I find it dull myself—" As though embarrassed by this long speech, he called, "Here, Koko!" and threw a ball to the baby seal, who promptly lifted its head and stopped it with the side of its nose. "A clever young 'un," he concluded. "I never see one easier to teach."

Mademoiselle turned somewhat breathlessly to Parnelli.

"With the baby," she said, "if you like us to team together again, we ought to get seex hundred a week from the new revue and so make up time we have lost."

THEY looked at each other. As you have heard, it was one of those May morns on which the poets build their maddest ballads; and gazing down into the serious eyes of Mademoiselle, the Great Parnelli suddenly realized that he too had a song in his heart, and the time had come to sing it.

"What do you say—if we book together first—for good?" he asked in a low voice.

"You mean—we should marry?" she asked in a voice as low as his.

"Yes," he said; and added tremulously in his heart, "God help me, yes."

For the second time that morning, tears filled the eyes of Mademoiselle.

"I should be honor to marry such a gallant gentleman—"

They kissed—and although it wasn't exactly a long affair, at least it was long enough to give Jocko time to turn his head and throw the ball to Old Bill—and for Old Bill to catch it and balance it on his nose—and for Juliet and Little Koko to pull themselves quietly forward to the bag of scallops which had fallen unheeded at the feet of Mademoiselle. . . .

The Great Parnelli lay awake a long time that night—as befits a man who is to be married on the morrow—and he reflected so long on the ambitions which he was relinquishing that just before he fell asleep his thoughts became slightly confused.

"The fringéd curtains of her eyes," . . . he muttered to himself, unconsciously drawing on his Gems from Shakespeare. . . . "Oh, jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible! . . . Her lips were two red roses on a stalk. . . . My cake—my cake is dough. . . ."

And, rousing himself slightly at that, he ended by pharaphrasing two wise old lines from As You Like It:

"Oh, well. . . . I would rather try a wife to make me happy than continue with experience which is sure to make me sad. . . ."

S H O P T A L K

SIGNALS

WE DIDN'T think of consulting our readers when the opportunity of buying John W. Heisman's story came along. We didn't dare take the time. Mr. Heisman was in quite a hurry to be about his other affairs.

Who is Mr. Heisman? Oh, just one of the greatest football coaches the game has ever known. He and Alonzo Stagg, Fielding Yost, and Glenn Warner have been called the Gridiron Daddies because they have fathered so many of the spectacular features of modern football. Johnny Heisman played football at the Titusville, Pa., High School, at Brown University, and the University of Pennsylvania forty years ago. He has coached champions at Oberlin, Rice Institute, University of Pennsylvania, Alabama College, and Georgia Tech. Who that knows football at all has not heard of the Georgia Tech Golden Tornado? Johnny Heisman has contributed to football the Heisman shift, the delayed pass, the lateral pass, and so on.

It was he whose insistence fetched the forward pass into the game, and who split the game into quarters instead of halves. He has roamed the country teaching boys to stand up, play fair, and fight hard. In other words, he has lived a good life as well as a heroic. His reminiscences begin in Collier's October 6th issue.

As we have said, we didn't ask your advice when buying Mr. Heisman's story, but we know you'd never forgive us if we didn't notify you when to start reading it.

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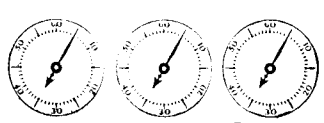
ONE MINUTE We haven't taken a vote, but we're willing to wager that most men take but one minute for lathering. Hurried morning schedules cut down the time you can spend with soap and shaving brush to soften your beard—but they can *never* change the smooth comfort you get from your Gillette Blades.



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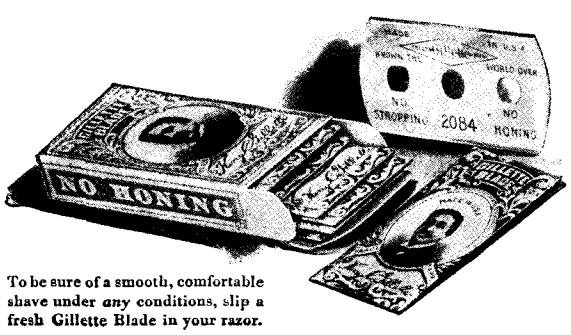

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CECIL B. deMILLE'S masterpiece, "The King of Kings," will be exhibited simultaneously, beginning next week, in an extensive list of popular motion picture theatres.

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Pittsburg — California

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Denver — State
Pueblo — Majestic
Greeley — New Tenth St.
Sterling — Rialto
Montrose — Dreamland
Delta — Colonial

CONNECTICUT
Hartford — Allyn
Norwalk — Regent & Palace
Waterbury — Strand
New Britain — Strand
Middletown — Capitol
Danbury — Empress
Ansonia — Capitol
Willimantic — Gem

ILLINOIS
Springfield — Lyric
Champaign — Orpheum
Danville — Terrace
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Kewanee — Rialto
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Bloomington — Indiana
Frankfort — Conley
Hammond — De Luxe
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Mason City — Cecil
Oskaloosa — Rivoli
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Decorah — Grand

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Coffeyville — Tackett
Winfield — Regent
Emporia — Strand
Concordia — Whiteway
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Dodge City — Crown
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Lexington — Strand
Henderson — Grand

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York — Opera House
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Pawtucket	Leroy
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Charleston	Academy

SOUTH DAKOTA

Yankton	Dakota
Redfield	Lyric
Lead	Homestake

TENNESSEE

Nashville	Loew's Vendome
Knoxville	Booth
Johnson City	Liberty
Jackson	Gem

TEXAS

Dallas	Capitol

TEXAS

San Antonio	Aztec
Austin	Hancock
Galveston	Martini
Lubbock	Palace
Brownwood	Lyric
Mineral Wells	Grand

UTAH

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Charleston	Capitol
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Manager when he is going to show "The King of Kings."

Raising of Lazarus

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Back of Chester's Whiskers

Continued from page 16

showing girls dancing, and we scraped up enough to pay the girls' fare on the interurban to Redwood City, about thirty miles away. We fellows beat our way. The show was terrible. Why, we even had such old business as the William Tell burlesque—you know, where the son keeps taking the apple off his head and munching it while his father's attention is distracted."

As one who had recently sat through this very bit of business incorporated into an up-to-date revue, this reporter couldn't help sympathizing with the Redwood City audiences. Not that they deserved it, for apparently they liked it and asked for more.

Anyway, they kept Conklin and his gang fed until Chester had saved up enough to pay transportation to Omaha, where the Al G. Barnes Circus was playing. He joined up as a clown.

Twelve dollars a week was the stipend, for which he worked the ring, boxed the kangaroo and played in the concert. But first he had to serve his apprenticeship. Now, the lot of an apprentice clown with that circus was not the happiest one in the world. He was invariably assigned to the rôle of south end of a phony cow. It was that portion of the beast which came in for all the comedy kicks and wallops, and each newcomer had to stay in the part until another sucker joined up.

Thus, you might say, Mr. Conklin created the title rôle in the original production of He Who Gets Slapped.

The Barnes season ended at Venice, Cal., and, at the suggestion of his friend Charlie Ray, Conklin took a run over to the studios where Mack Sennett was engaged in turning out his slapstick comedies. He was taken on as an extra. The mustache, discarded during his career of clowning, went back on at $3 a day.

Conklin was in promising company on the Sennett lot. His fellow mimes included Charlie Chaplin, Charles Murray, Mabel Normand, Syd Chaplin, Gloria Swanson, Phyllis Haver, Roscoe Arbuckle and Ford Sterling. Most of them were just extras then, although some had been allowed to play leads in such split-reel confections as The Pullman Bride and A Muddy Romance.

They Don't Make Them Nowadays

One day when they were making a comedy on the Sennett lot someone noticed a lot of smoke coming from a spot just over the hill. A scout, sent to investigate, hurried back to report a private house was ablaze. Sennett ordered the whole gang over there at once.

Now, on that day the players were working with uniforms and equipment borrowed, as usual, from a friendly detachment of firemen stationed not far from the lot. With these they hurried over to the scene of the blaze.

"Go ahead!" yelled Sennett. "Do something!" In those days they'd often take advantage of a chance like that; make some slapstick scenes and then build a story around them later.

Well, they ran into the house, everyone picking up a vase or a chair or something and then stumbling out, doing comedy falls and tumbles and collisions for the laugh. By the time the real firemen arrived the Sennett crowd was so busy and the firemen were so excited that there wasn't a chance to return the borrowed helmets and coats and equipment.

It must have somewhat flabbergasted the meek householder and his family behind the police lines to see a group of roughneck comics having a holiday with their treasured belongings, while the professional firemen wrestled with the blaze in their shirt sleeves. It was a good picture too, when they finally built up the rest of it. But somehow the Sennett outfit had difficulty borrowing firemen's hats after that.

"They don't make comedies like that any more," I ventured to Conklin one day.

"You're darn right they don't," said Conklin. "Every once in a while you'll hear someone say, 'Why don't they make pictures like the old Keystone Comedies nowadays?' Why, the fact is that if they did make 'em the public wouldn't have 'em. They were funny then, when pictures were new and almost anything was good for a laugh. But I saw one of them run off the other day, and, honestly, you'd wonder how anyone had the nerve to release it. It was awful. Deadly. But in its day it was a big hit.

"In those days a chase and a fall and a custard pie made up the great trinity of sure-fire laughs. If the picture was getting dull, we'd reach out—even outside the camera lines—and grab a pie from nowhere and slap it on someone. Everyone contributed to every story and we'd turn out one split reel a week.

"It was strenuous but a darn' good school. None of us got screen credit. Even the leads. I was known as Mr. Walrus on the screen because of my make-up.

Just Clowning About

"You'll hear a lot of claims from hams who say that Charlie Chaplin stole his famous make-up from them 'way back in England. But as a matter of fact the Chaplin make-up that the world knows so well today was originated out on the Sennett lot when he was clowning about on a rainy afternoon when there wasn't light enough to make pictures.

"As I said, in those days we depended almost entirely on chases and falls, but Charlie had been at Sennett to let him stand still and act. Sennett wouldn't hear of it. Well, we'd been working around a hotel lobby set, but we had to lay off because of the rain. We were all sitting around the dressing-room playing cards when Charlie walked in.

"He was clowning around. At that time he wore regular make-up, a high silk hat and a long, drooping mustache and a frock coat. But he had discarded the hat and mustache.

"As we played he picked up a derby off Roscoe's head, and he took Roscoe's generous comedy pants off a hook and put them on. Then he slipped on Ford Sterling's big comedy shoes. He walked over to a dressing table where there was a lot of crêpe hair lying and he picked up just a pinch of it and slipped it under his nose, holding it in place with his upper lip. Later he stuck it on with gum arabic.

"Then he began walking around in that funny way of his and tipping his hat from behind the way he still does. After a while, when the rain had let up, he strolled out onto the set and began clowning again. A lot of us stood around, and finally Sennett came up and stood laughing with us. At last he said, 'Hey, Charlie, do that in the picture just the way you've been doing it, in the same make-up, and we'll start shooting.' The sun was out by now, so we got back to work again.

"Chaplin pleased Sennett so much that he worked an upstairs hotel scene into the picture so's Charlie could stumble into the wrong rooms and back out in that funny little apologetic way of his, tipping his hat. The result was that Chaplin stole the picture. After that they didn't mind letting him stand still and act."

After Conklin had gone to work for Fox, Von Stroheim gave him his chance to get out of the two-reelers (they'd graduated from the split reels then) in Greed. You may remember him as the old father in that successful production. He wasn't on much, but he was on enough to stand out a bit as a possibility. There followed a comedy rôle in The Galloping Fish and then a series for Paramount.

Any actor who has graduated from the slapstick school will tell you that one of the hardest things in the world is to get the public to accept in any other rôle a player who has been identified with slapstick.

His Ideal

Conklin knew what he was up against. So did Mal St. Clair when he asked them to let him have Chester to play in Pola Negri's picture A Woman of Paris. "Conklin!" they told him. "My gosh, no. He's slapstick." But St. Clair knew he could put Conklin over, and finally he induced them to let him try. It was St. Clair who added the glasses to the Conklin make-up—as a refining rather than as a comedy touch—and he made a sympathetic although comic character out of him.

Conklin is slowly developing into the kind of an actor he wants to be. They're giving him more and more sympathetic rôles now. In the picture he was making when I talked with him he plays a janitor in a college, the father of one of the students who saved and scraped for years that he might send his son—who was ignorant of the relationship—to college.

"All through my life," he told me, "Dave Warfield has been my ideal. You know how he'll handle an audience. Make 'em laugh one minute, then bring tears. That's the acme of acting. I've watched him in The Auctioneer and other plays time after time. It's such rôles that I would like to play."

Jingling Gold

You can write these Jingles in the Rough on the back of your score card. Who knows, maybe they'll tell a more cheerful story than the figures on its face? And if they're as deft as they ought to be you'll have your gold luck-piece to boast about whenever you go to the country club. Here are some neat examples:

I've never lied about my score;
No mental hazards spoil my play.
I never swear nor give advice—
I played my first game yesterday.
George H. Turley, Fairmont, W. Va.

One day I watched and listened
To a high-powered golfer's game;
'Twas lucky no newsreel men were round
Since those talking movies came.
Everett R. Rolens, St. Louis, Mo.

The stranger created quite a stir
When he used his *spoon* at the tee.
"The *cup!*" said he with a jaunty air.
"Either that or a *mug*," said we.
J. L. Scott, Los Angeles, Cal.

I want a luck-piece; want it bad.
(Jingle, jingle, jingles in the rough!)
I want a luck-piece—want it for my Dad.
(He's a rotten golfer—isn't that enough?)
P. A. Bonham, Greenville, S. C.

Just a little slice or hook,
Just a little top or fan
Is apt to make a liar
Out of any honest man.
George H. Shank, San Diego, Cal.

Wouldst thou be honest, patient, mild?
Then these—avoid them all:
A pair of "knicks," a bag of sticks
And a gutta-percha ball!
Stuart Pierce, Daytona Beach, Fla.

It's not sunshine fair nor balmy air
That cause all a dub's sweet sorrow.
It's belief that's strong: "Now I know what's wrong
And I'll shoot under par tomorrow."
T. Russ Hill, Middlesboro, Ky.

I do not seek a golf ball
That calls out "This way, men!"
But I'd like to get a caddie
Who could find one now and then.
A. M. Taylor, Detroit, Mich.

"Mother dear, who is that man
Who's coming in the door?"
"That's Daddy, dear; the clubhouse closed,
He's coming home once more."
Thomas Delancy, Tacoma, Wash.

The click of the cleek on the links
Does surely sound great, by heck.
But the lack of the clique in the clubhouse
Gives me a pain in the neck.
R. H. Wilkins, Detroit, Mich.

A medal for a jingle
Would set my heart a-flutter.
But all is woe; I do not know
A stymie from a putter.
W. E. McDougald, Statesboro, Ga.

Twinkle, twinkle, little ball,
How I wonder where you'll fall:
Down upon the green beyond
Or, like the rest, into the pond!
O. Harold Vaughan, Joplin, Mo.

All these stout golfers are now sporting elegant gold luck-pieces with their initials engraved on them. Wouldn't you like one, too? Send your efforts to Jingles in the Rough, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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ATWATER KENT RADIO

1929 ELECTRIC SET GIVES YOU THE THRILL OF RADIO AT ITS BEST

$77 [without tubes]

MODEL 40 A. C. set. For 110-120 volt, 50-60 cycle alternating current. Requires six A. C. tubes and one rectifying tube, $77.

Also Model 42 A. C. set, $86, and Model 44 A. C. set, $106 (without tubes).

Battery sets, $49 and $68 (less tubes and batteries).

SWING WIDE THE DOOR

WHAT a world—this new, ever-changing world of radio entertainment. And how easily the door swings back and lets you in. Snap a tiny switch, touch the FULL-VISION Dial—there you are!

A tender song of evenings long ago—flashing scimitars of the Turkish March—the stabbing pathos of Juliet on the balcony—music that makes you say "I could dance all night"—the latest news of the world—the Presidential campaign—baseball—football—everything to hold your interest.

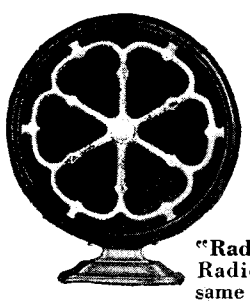
No batteries to think about when your radio is the Atwater Kent all-electric set. No wondering whether your radio is going to work tonight—it always works. No mistaking the voice of a famous singer—the tone is pure. No need of counting the cost of listening—it's only a fraction of a cent an hour for electric current. Nothing but pleasure, relaxation—the true enjoyment of modern radio.

Simple, compact, sturdy, beautiful—the highest development of all-electric radio that you can find today—the Atwater Kent all-electric set is so much better in every way that it leads by a wide margin.

So much better—and yet inexpensive, appealing to thrift as well as the senses of sight and hearing. More than you expect of radio—at less than you expect to pay.

Consult an Atwater Kent dealer about a home demonstration. The satisfaction of more than 1,700,000 Atwater Kent owners must impress you. A trial in your own home, with all the family gathered around to share the fun, will prove conclusively that here is *the* 1929 all-electric set.

On the air—every Sunday night—
Atwater Kent hour—listen in!



"Radio's truest voice." Atwater Kent Radio Speakers: Models E, E-2, E-3, same quality, different in size, each $20.

Write for illustrated booklet of Atwater Kent Radio

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
A. Atwater Kent, President
4752 Wissahickon Avenue Philadelphia, Pa.

Prices slightly higher West of the Rockies

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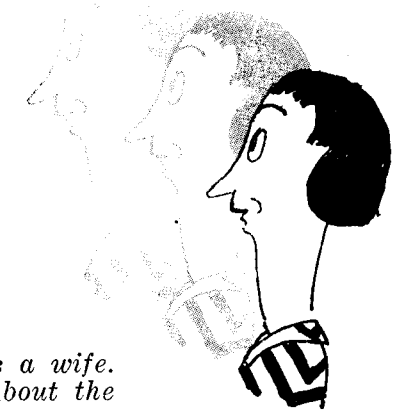
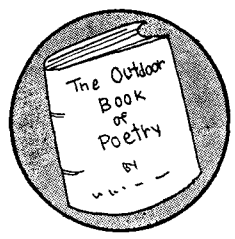
McGoofey's First Reader

By H. I. PHILLIPS

Illustrated by the Author



This is Hattie.
Who is Hattie? *Hattie is a wife.*
What kind of a wife? *About the average.*

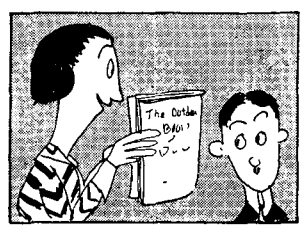


Lesson 2 What is this? *This is a book.*
What kind of a book? *A book of nature poems.*
Does Hattie see the book? *Yes, Hattie sees the book.*
Does Hattie want the book? *Uh-huh.*

Lesson 3 What is Hattie doing? *Hattie is reading the book of nature poems.*
Are the poems good? *Hattie thinks so. She just loves nature.*
What poem is Hattie reading now? *It is a little thing called "The Joy of the Open Road." It goes like this, approximately:*

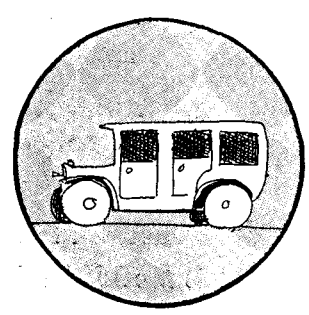
Oh, for the peace of the countryside,
The spell of the fields and farm!
Oh, to be out in the spaces wide,
Sooth'd by all nature's charm!

Not bad, is it? No, and not good.

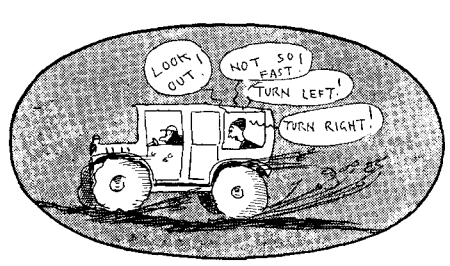


Lesson 4 What is Hattie doing here? *She is reading poetry like that aloud to Cedric.*
Who is Cedric? *Cedric is her husband.*
She has selected a very special poem to read to him. It is called "Halcyon Trail." It is all about the gentleness and unruffled calm of hill and dell. It sings of the beauties of nature "at our very doors if we do but embrace it." It is full of applesauce about the tranquillity of mind and soul to be found "if we but break away from the crowded places and hit the gypsy trails forever beckoning."
Who wrote the poem? *Some automobile salesman.*

Lesson 5 *This is an automobile.*
Whose automobile? *Cedric's automobile. He just purchased it. In three years he will own it outright.*
Why did Cedric buy the automobile? *Because of the poetry.*



Lesson 6 What have we here? *We have Cedric and Hattie out motoring in search of tranquillity, peace and charm.*



Where is Cedric driving? *He is driving to the nearest dock.*
What will he do when he finds it? *He will drive off into the ocean.*
Why? *Because he has found Hattie is one of those back-seat drivers!*

Tennessee-Missouri

Continued from page 9

tactics. The Missouri Valley might not come out to the polls at all if enthusiasm is lacking.

He probably knows better than anybody else that if the Missouri Valley Democrats should ignore Al Smith in November, the wet counties in the Eastern part of the state will turn Missouri to Smith anyway.

I say this because I have been assured by Republicans in St. Louis that that city will be Smith's and so, too, will be St. Louis County, St. Charles County, Jefferson County and other Republican strongholds, because of their dislike for the Volstead Act. And Smith will get a large number of votes in the Kansas City sector which nobody who loves truth can call dry.

They Don't Need Beer

But it is in staunchly wet St. Louis that Governor Smith will get the great compliment of a large, trusting vote. Not that they believe that as President Smith can add a single glass of beer to the present supply, which is large if not quite adequate already.

"After all," I said to one of the most enthusiastic of Smith Republicans in St. Louis, a highly efficient ward leader, "Al by himself can't give St. Louis beer."

"Is that so?" he inquired. "He wouldn't have to. We ain't asking anybody to give us beer. We got beer. Have a bottle?"

Now in addition to all this to persuade me that Mr. Smith will find Missouri following him in November, comes Mr. Bill Hirth, the always-fighting editor of the Missouri Farmer. Mr. Hirth holds forth at Columbia, Mo. Not only is his journal the most widely circulated of farm papers in the state but its influence is greater among the farmers of Missouri, and perhaps Iowa, than that of any other printed sheet.

Mr. Hirth is for Al Smith. In a ringing editorial in his issue of July 15th, he said so. Moreover, he called upon his readers to vote for the engaging governor of New York.

Now Mr. Hirth, like the majority of his following, is a Dry, also he is a Protestant. Politically he is harder to define. But first and last Mr. Bill Hirth is a farmer—a slightly modified Cincinnatus who has abandoned the plow for the pen. When the Hirth pen meets paper, virtually nothing is left to the imagination.

He says that he has at least fifty thousand farmers with him, that he has done the counting since he organized the Corn Belt Committee out of which sprouted George N. Peek's Committee of Twenty-two. He started toward this national election with Frank O. Lowden as his hero; but when all was said and done at Kansas City he announced that there was nothing for him to do but to await the declarations of the Democrats.

So now he's preaching this to his vigorous readers:

"We know we'll get no relief from Hoover; but we don't know that we won't get it from the Democrats. I think we will. Vote for Smith."

In my opinion—and I've looked Mr. Hirth over quite carefully—I think he is going to deliver a large number of dry, Protestant farmer votes over to Mr. Smith. He can't help doing it. Mr. Bill Hirth is an exceedingly delivering person. Anybody could see that, the way the Republican National Committee is trying, through emissaries, to calm him down. But the greater the number of emissaries, the hotter grows Bill's pen againt Herbert Hoover and the less he calms down.

I add to all these my own reasons why I think Missouri will give her eighteen electoral votes to Al Smith a few more which may be set forth very briefly:

St. Louis, nominally Republican, hugely German and overwhelmingly wet, is able to produce about twenty-five per cent of the whole vote of the state. Her vote is conceded to Al Smith even by Republicans who agree that above all St. Louis desires beer and proposes to vote for it even if she doesn't get it. And that doesn't mean that she isn't getting it.

Throughout St. Louis and her adjacent counties one hears Herbert Hoover referred to as Sir 'Erbert and believe me that title carries no honors with it in those populous precincts. I saw at least six fences chalked with "Sir 'Erbert says" and "Sir 'Erbert thinks" and here and there these signs were illustrated with caricatures of Mr. Hoover monocled and silk-hatted in a close huddle with a becrowned individual tagged "The King, by God." St. Louis may be quite fed up with Jim Reed but the meat on which Senator Jim waxed so fat is still in the market.

St. Louis County is nearly forty per cent Catholic, and, shush the religious issue as loudly as you care to, the Catholic vote is extremely church-conscious now that, for the first time, a Catholic has a bright chance of gaining the White House. The Ku Klux Klan, never notable for strength in Missouri except around Kansas City, is defunct as an organization but the Klan spirit survives to make more politically homogeneous the Catholic vote.

In Tennessee the possible Catholic vote is negligible. There are thousands of Tennesseeans who have never consciously seen a Romanist although they have very clear, not to say bizarre, conceptions of what one must necessarily look like.

Upon further examination of the quality of Tennessee's population you discover that not more than one per cent of its people are of foreign birth. More than ninety per cent of its population lives in the rural districts. In the August primaries these rural districts produced 180,000 votes as against 45,000 for the cities.

In more general terms, it is the rural vote of Tennessee that rules Tennessee.

This rural vote, like a considerable portion of the city vote, is quickly responsive to the exhortations of the evangelical pulpit and frankly submissive to the decisions of the Methodist and Baptist churches which, at this moment, are exercising their unquestioned prerogative to urge the defeat of the governor of New York.

"We are not attacking Governor Smith because he is a Catholic," a particularly popular Methodist preacher assured me. "We don't have to."

Not for Hoover—Against Smith

The Republican party in Tennessee will not turn the state into the Hoover column. They are not sufficiently numerous nor well organized. If (as I believe) Al Smith is rejected by that state the credit must be given to the dry, Protestant Democrats. It will not take so many of these dry Protestants to turn the trick, either.

If Tennessee does honor Mr. Hoover with her electoral vote, he will be indebted to the Rev. Horace Mellard Du

(*Continued on page 44*)

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To Collier's *advertisers*

An Announcement by THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY

COLLIER'S circulation is now more than 1,650,000—a gain of 325,000 during the past year.

The weekly newsstand sales are steadily increasing—now more than 700,000.

All this corroborates our pledge to the public and to advertisers that this company would

- **—build a weekly magazine of great editorial appeal**
- **—avoid spectacular and temporary methods and build for permanence and stability**
- **—build Collier's on the sound publishing principles that underlie every Crowell publication**

Collier's is now entering upon a most brilliant and important editorial program—a definite assurance of continuing progress.

Collier's presents today the greatest per dollar value in the weekly field.

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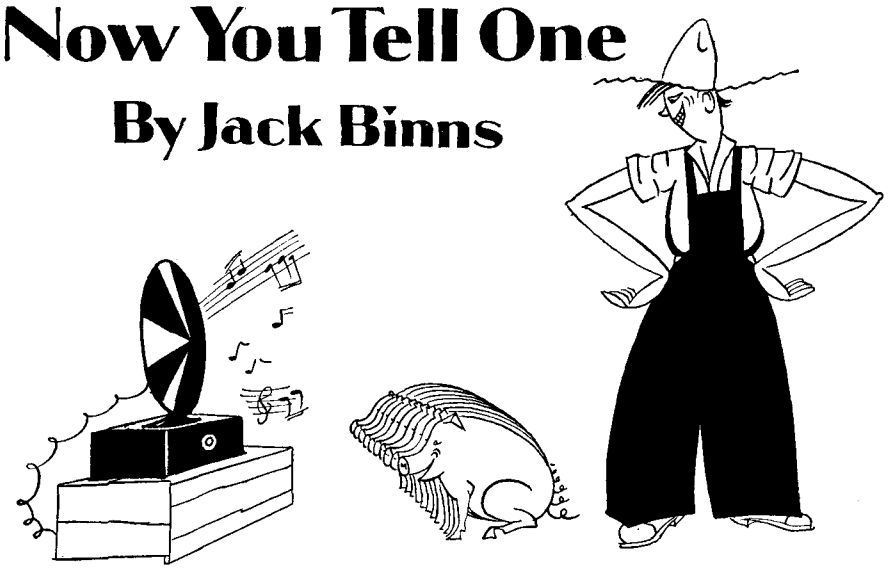
Now You Tell One

By Jack Binns



THOSE Britishers who have been kicking at the dullness of their local programs may get some solace from the letter received by a Canadian railroad representative in London. The missive comes from Geoffrey Mitchiner, a young English lad who sailed from old Albion to seek his fame and fortune in Canada. From it we gain this sweet little bedtime story:

The trip across the great big ocean was stormy and fearsome, but in due course our young hero arrived safely and went to a place called Tyrone in Ontario. There he got himself a job with a local farmer and a radio set from a local dealer. He was just nicely settled down when the poor mother pig of the farm died, leaving ten little piggies unable to walk, let alone go to market. So Geoffrey and the farmer's son went into the great big barn and took the radio set with them, so that they could feed the little piggies every two hours and listen to the wonderful things that came out of the air. And now, children! What do you think? Those dear little piggies are all grown up, because they were properly nursed, and they were put to sleep each night by the sweet lullabies that kind Geoffrey picked up on his radio set from 2LO, London.

Corn-Belt Comparisons

Paul Jensen of Sioux Falls, S. D., sends me an advertisement out of the local newspaper wherein the most cogent reasons for acquiring a radio set are listed as: "Political speeches by Will Rogers, William Bulow, Charles Day and the latest quotations on alfalfa, mustard seed and spinach."

Oh, well, what's the difference, Paul?

On Parnassus!

Chamber music for breakfast! It sounds incongruous, but here are Olga, Elfrida and Anna, three little ladies who transport early-rising mortals to the heights of Parnassus each weekday morning over the WEAF chain. For more than a year they have melted morning grouches through the magic of their nimble fingers.

This delightful trio, organized by Olga Serlis, also plays for the afternoon listeners, but it is only in the morning that I have enjoyed their artistry, and lest you think I am one of those who arise with the first clarion call of the rooster let me hasten to say that I have a radio alongside my bed that is turned on each morning by an untiring and never-sleeping clock.

I mention this not because anybody cares but merely as a suggestion, so that if you are within range of any station radiating this program you may start your day right by tuning in when the three girls tune up on the piano, violin and 'cello.

The Dragnetic Set

The manufacturer of a short-wave radio receiving set advertises its virtues in most glowing and superlative terms, and then guarantees it will reach halfway round the world and back.

In other words, it gets them coming and going.

Unfettered Competition

Will the chain system ultimately drive the independent stations off the air? That vital question embraces the great fear of many people, and it was undoubtedly the impelling motive back of the last radio law enacted by Congress. It is a fair question and one that requires attention. The present condition of overcrowding in the air is merely a temporary one even though it has caused the radio commissioners many sleepless nights. Harsh economic laws will soon compel many stations to sign off permanently, and then the question I have cited at the beginning of this paragraph will become an important one indeed. If the independent stations will take advantage of the possibilities that are available, they should survive.

In the first place, the chains will succeed just so long as they render an efficient service, which necessarily means programs of high quality and real merit. The degree of their success depends upon the competition confronting them from other chains or from independent stations. It is in this respect that the independent studio manager has his greatest opportunity. He is not confronted by the same circumstances nor the inhibitions of the chain system, and therefore he can show more initiative by developing unique presentations entirely free from the stereotypes that are rapidly becoming fixtures on the air.

He can go forward another step and fight the chains with their own weapon: that is, by going to the chief centers for his program material. The cost of doing this can be cut down through coöperation with other stations without actually tying up to the same program.

In this respect it will be interesting to watch the progress of the organization recently formed in New York to develop such facilities for independent broadcasters. There is no reason why similar central studios for a number of individual stations could not be profitably operated in other large cities of the country where first-class material is available.

Tennessee-Missouri

Continued from page 42

Bose, D. D., bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church South for Tennessee. With the existing issues as the boundaries of the national election battlefield, Bishop Du Bose is perhaps the most potent political figure in his domain. To his following, amongst which the Ku Klux Klan found so many eager recruits, Governor Smith means The Saloon, Tammany Hall and The Church of Rome. And they wouldn't vote for any one of them, much less the three.

Normally the Democratic supremacy in Tennessee is not more than 25,000 votes and while I am sure that there will be a number of wet Republicans who will vote for Smith, particularly in the eastern part of the state, which has of recent years achieved manufacturing prominence, such desertion from party ranks will in no perceptible proportion compare with the great number of Democrats who will vote anti-Smith.

I am assured of this by some of the most important of Tennessee's Democrats. I have adequate proof that so distinguished a man as Luke Lea, former United States senator, maker of governors, owner of three largely circulated newspapers, and so on and so forth, looks for—nay, longs for—the defeat of Smith; and that doesn't mean that he loves Herbert Hoover more. Mr. Lea is a politician and business man in about equal portions.

It is wholly possible that the radio will contribute largely to the anti-Smith vote in Tennessee. Considerably more than half the rural homes are radio-equipped and not fewer than a dozen of Tennessee's prominent evangelical preachers are speaking into the microphone every Sunday.

I talked to one of these clergymen who concluded an eloquent apostrophe to science (limited strictly to radio) by saying:

"When I think of my father rejoicing in that he had been heard from his pulpit by a congregation of two hundred, I have to ask God to keep me humble lest the knowledge that I speak weekly to thousands make me vain and puffed up. God sent the radio that we might uphold his cause in times of peril such as we now face. Through the radio the people of Tennessee have been called to arms against the saloon's candidate, Tammany Hall's candidate and—yes—the candidate of the Pope."

"Do you preach anti-Catholicism?" I asked him.

"Not as frankly as that, I will admit," he replied. "It isn't necessary here in Tennessee, although I understand that some of our great preachers do so. I don't."

"Do any of the Catholic pastors use the radio to broadcast their sermons?"

Little Tammany

"Not in Tennessee, not in Tennessee," he replied firmly. "I understand that the whole Catholic clergy in America has been ordered to maintain a politic silence on November's election although I have that on hearsay only. But I am sure none of the Catholic priests are broadcasting in Tennessee. It would be of no use in this state. We are more than 98 per cent Protestant."

There is a singular lack of variegated color in the situation in Tennessee, outside of Memphis.

Memphis, like Nashville, is preponderantly Democratic but where the Democrats in Nashville are a pliant lot, being quite willing to defer to expediencies, the Memphis crowd is professionally Democratic. Incidentally it will be in Memphis that Al Smith will achieve his greatest group strength in Tennessee.

Luke Lea's newspapers—the Memphis Commercial Appeal, the Knoxville Journal and Tribune and the Nashville Tennesseean—and their believers profess a deep disgust for the Memphis crowd. How deep this aversion is can be gathered from the name they have awarded to it—Little Tammany. And that is a pretty horrible label in Tennessee.

But the leader of this whole-souled collection of Democrats in Memphis—Edward H. Crump—affects no indignation. Ed Crump is a thoroughly practical politician who, if he predicts that his nice compact machine will turn out 25,000 votes, will surprise you by being just about correct. Among the appalling crimes of which he is accused is that he permits Negroes to vote.

A Three-Headed Monster

He and that faction of the state Democrats represented and largely influenced by Luke Lea fell to in terrific combat during the August primaries and Mr. Crump lost by something less than five thousand votes. Mr. Lea's side accomplished the nomination of Harry Horton for governor. Incidentally Mr. Lea will be remembered by some as the colonel of the American Expeditionary Forces who made a gallant and spectacular although futile attempt, after the armistice, to kidnap the absconded Kaiser Wilhelm. The plot came to nought because the colonel and his men could not locate their quarry.

But when Mr. Horton's victory was certain, Mr. Crump smiled the smile of the veteran to whom victory and defeat alike are simple incidents to be forgotten instantly. He called upon the Democrats of Tennessee to rally 'round that the autumnal total for Al Smith might be one to be proud of. From Knoxville came the assurance that her faith in the Democratic national ticket was pure and that Al Smith might expect at least seven thousand. But there was nothing even remotely suggestive of a general movement toward the national ticket.

Mr. Horton, who is almost certain to be governor, maintained a dignified, Luke Lea reticence although, when pressed, he admitted that as a Democrat he could not do less than hope that the Democrats won. Senator McKellar, being of Memphis and necessarily on cordial terms with Mr. Crump, to whom he is decidedly beholden, came forth boldly for the whole ticket from top to bottom, not omitting even the name of the Presidential nominee.

Congressman Cordell Hull is, of course, sturdy in his adherence to the platform and the ticket. Congressman Finis J. Garrett, whom Mr. McKellar defeated for the senatorial nomination, simply retired into a tired man's silence.

But it would require more than the mouths of the professional office holders, however exalted their posts, and more than the neat maneuvers of machine masters to raise the Al Smith chances to prominence in Tennessee today when powerful rural Tennessee is breaking all records for attendance at church and church societies, where the routine sameness of pre-convention days is no more because there is a foe at Tennessee's gates. A devouring monster with two hideous heads, Tammany Hall and the saloon.

Nay, the monster has three heads. . . .

Anyway Tennessee is all set to slay the varmint.

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Giant Killer

Continued from page 24

hour brought further news of deepening disaster, more cities, more tribes, declaring for Absalom. All he had done, all the King had done, all they all had done in forty years had collapsed overnight. And Judah was the heart of the revolt. That was what stung. Judah that had made them, Judah, for years so hotly proud that it had given a king to Israel—Judah had led the rising against the son of Jesse. For David had shown favors to the North, and every appointment that conciliated Ephraim had alienated Judah. Politics had frustrated itself; Judah, that had made him, turned him out, and again the North followed Judah, and Judah's leader; from Dan to Beersheba the whole nation was acclaiming King Absalom.

Even their own family turned against them—Amasa, David's nephew, Joab's cousin, a conceited young noble who commanded the militia of Judah, was commander in chief of Absalom's army. . . . And Ahithophel! The grandfather of the King's favorite wife, owing his place at court to domestic influence, Ahithophel had none the less read the signs of the times and turned from the setting to the rising sun. He was Absalom's most trusted counselor, now. . . . And the counsel of Ahithophel, in those days, was as if a man had inquired at the oracle of God.

At last Joab saw a cloud of dust rising over the wooded ridges and rolling wheat fields of Gilead; the refugees were coming. He rode out to meet them—a bedraggled, disconsolate cavalcade, dusty and hopeless, weary but still hurrying because pursuit might at any moment overtake them. First a column of Philistines, grim and silent men, marching in perfect order. Joab regarded them with astonishment—not the Palace Guard, strangers. He hadn't supposed the King would have had time to hire mercenaries. Then the royal household, or rather the wreckage of the royal household—a few pack donkeys hastily loaded with sacks of jewels and money, and the few choicest bits of the royal women's costly wardrobe; then the women, a long line of them, riding veiled, with slave girls and eunuchs trudging along beside them in the dust. Tirzah was among them, two or three of her maids plodding behind her mule; she waved to Joab, fat, serene, unruffled; he thought he could detect an I-told-you-so expression on her face. She had never thought much of David.

BEHIND the last of the riding women came a curtained litter carried by four powerful Negro slaves. Joab knew who rode inside; in the veiled mounted figures there was none who reminded him of Bathsheba; besides, the King rode just behind the litter. . . . And when Joab saw him he checked his mule; he felt as if he had been struck in the face. The King had broken. Tears oozed slowly from his eyes and made smearing tracks down the dust that covered his cheeks. He looked at Joab vacantly; when the general drew near he raised a forbidding hand.

"Not now, Joab. Later, perhaps—In the city—"

He passed on. And now came the Palace Guard, Benaiah marching with his chin up at the head of his Philistines. Nothing the matter with these troops; one platoon of them was worth a battalion of the Gileadite militia—and might be worth a battalion of Judean or Ephraimite militia too, when it came to the test. Their feet pounding rhythmically, they tramped past; and then came the man Joab was waiting for. An old man in armor, riding fifty paces behind the tail of the column, checking his mule now and then to look back down the long vacant road. Abishai. . . .

Joab reined in beside him. "Well?" he said. Abishai shrugged; but there was the shadow of a rather savage grin about his lips; he had shaken off ten years since Joab saw him last a week ago.

"You've seen it," he said. "Not much left, is there?"

"Abishai, did no one but you and Tirzah come out with the King?"

Abishai's sons, officers in the regular army, were of course already at Mahanaim.

"That's about all."

Joab rode on, still stunned.

"You might have thought at least Abiathar, the priest—" he began. "And where is the Ark of God?"

"Oh, Abiathar's all right," said Abishai, almost cheerfully. "He and his assistant—what's his name? Zadok. They brought out the Ark—"

FOR the Ark of God, ever since they had recovered it from the Philistines, had gone forth to battle with the King's army.

"But the King sent it back," Abishai finished. "He said if Yahweh still favored him, He would bring us all back; but if He had forsaken David as He forsook Saul—why, then, the Lord's will be done. . . . Never mind, Joab. We won battles without the Ark of God in the old days."

"But the King!" Joab muttered. "He's gone! He's lost his heart!"

"Too many women," said Abishai. "He left all the new girls behind, in the palace—ten of them. Left them for Absalom, who without doubt has taken them already to show all the people that he is a king. David seemed to hold a grudge against those women. . . . Lost his heart! I should say he has. I wanted to hold the city with the Palace Guard, trusting you to come up with the regulars before Absalom could break in. But we couldn't trust the people, and the suburbs are built up too close to the wall, so the King wouldn't take the chance. When I think of the chances we used to take—" He shrugged angrily. Then, in sudden fierceness:

"Lost his heart! . . . As we came down to Jericho a Benjamite named Shimei— You know him? Some distant cousin of Saul's. He came along the hillside above the road, cursing as he came—throwing stones, throwing dust, cursing the King for a man of blood who had supplanted the house of Saul. I wanted to go up and cut his head off; it would have been an example just then. But the King whimpered. Joab, he whimpered! 'What have I to do with you sons of Zeruiah?' he whined. 'Let him curse; it is God's will.' . . . Bah!" Abishai spat.

"But he had one flicker of energy," he said. "He organized an espionage service when the priests went back to the city; they'll get news out to us of what Absalom is doing. And he sent Hushai back too—he was about the only Northerner who stuck to us, but the King sent him back to try to defeat the counsel of Ahithophel. But when he slumped again—"

"Politics," said Joab. "Yes, he would try to play politics now. When we see

(*Continued on page 46*)

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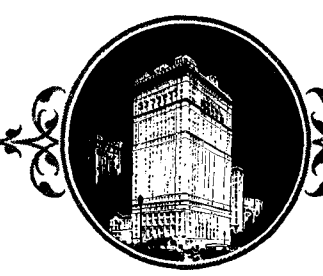

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Continued from page 45

exactly where forty years of politics has brought us. . . . Abishai, it's all gone! Everything!"

Abishai half drew his sword.

"We've been down to this before, Joab, and we've always come back."

And Joab was ashamed of himself.

"You're right!" he said. "When politics fails we men of action have our turn. . . . Who are those Philistines at the head of the column?"

"Oh! That's Ittai of Gath and his men. The King took him in, after all. He remembered, I suppose, when we all had to escape across the frontier to the Philistines. They came the day after you left."

THIS Ittai was a young Philistine noble who had started a revolution in Gath and had been beaten and driven across the frontier after much hard fighting.

"He brought six hundred men with him," said Abishai. "Good men too. We can use them. . . . The King would have let Absalom have them! When he saw that Ittai was coming out of the city with us he took him aside—sobbing, beaten. He told Ittai to go back to Jerusalem and make terms with Absalom—no use tying himself up with a lost cause. But Ittai said no. Where David went he would go, for life or death. So here he is."

"Abishai!" cried Joab in sudden exultation. "We haven't failed, after all! Thank God, we haven't failed. What we built up endures!" And as Abishai looked at him, uncomprehending:

"We've lost everything else," cried Joab, "but we've saved the one thing we made first, the one thing that counts—the name of David! The prestige of David! The thing that brings Philistines and Hittites and Egyptians to leave their own gods and their own peoples to serve David, the great King! So long as David lives, we'll beat them yet!"

"Then we'd better keep him out of sight," said Abishai glumly. "He doesn't inspire much confidence now."

"Never mind that! That weak, sobbing old man—he doesn't count! He's only an old man broken by too many women. What counts is the legend we've made—the legend of David, the idea of David, the glorious, conquering king, the giant killer! Where David is, there is the Promised Land! Israel has turned against us, but the Philistines are loyal.

"Abishai, we'll beat them yet! We taught the Jews to beat the Philistines; we can teach the Philistines to beat the Jews!" His ecstasy died down; he sighed deeply. "And yet I don't like it," he muttered. "I don't like it."

"What's the matter?" Joab waved at the ranks of Philistines marching into Mahanaim, while the loyal populace, under the menacing spears of the regulars, dutifully cheered its king.

"Why," he said, "here we have an army of Philistines and Ammonites, and Gileadites who used to follow Abner, all fighting against Israel—and against Judah! It's unnatural! I feel as I did when we marched with the Philistines against Saul. . . . It isn't right that Philistines should decide the destiny of Israel. Sometimes I think—"

"You had better not think," Abishai advised him. "Not till the war is over."

The King received them presently in his house in Mahanaim; and as the sons of Zeruiah went in to him Ittai's newly arrived Philistines, quartered in the street, looked at these famous old heroes with curiosity and wonder and mounting confidence. For they were men of blood; and only blood and iron could save David now.

The King lay on a divan, sighing deeply; his face was flabby and irresolute. And Bathsheba sat beside him, splendid in her full-blown beauty; her slim hand held the King's, strong and reassuring; her eyes were cool, serene, imperturbable. Joab felt himself stirred by confused emotions, but he had no time to analyze them now. But one glance at her was enough to remind him of her quality; she was a better man than the King.

"Well, General?" she asked, when the King would not speak.

"We have the regulars and the Philistines," said Joab, "six thousand of the best soldiers in the world. We have the Ammonites and the militia—fifteen thousand men who can turn the enemy's defeat into a massacre, if we win. If the battle goes against us, they will all declare for Absalom and start shooting us in the back."

She nodded thoughtfully, her eyes glinting with cold amusement. "If we have a little time—" Joab went on.

The King stirred on the divan, his eyes brightening.

"We'll have time!" he said. "A message has just come from the spies in Jerusalem. Ahithophel wanted Absalom to pursue me with what men he had and finish us before we reached you—but Hushai, whom I left behind, advised him to wait and call out all the militia of Israel! And he took Hushai's advice! That gives us time!" He looked at Joab triumphantly; and Joab could see him thinking: "I did that; you couldn't have done it."

"Good!" said the general. "Time is what we need. If Ahithophel—"

"You needn't worry about him," said Bathsheba. "We've had more news. My grandfather is used to flattery, to having his own way. When he saw that Absalom disregarded his advice he went home and hanged himself."

Hanged himself. . . . The salty old gentleman whom Joab had liked, whom he had once taken up and introduced at court to please his granddaughter, the wife of a young officer in whose career Joab was interested. . . . And now the granddaughter, by her royal husband's side, was utterly impassive, thinking like a queen.

They talked a little longer about the plan of campaign and then took their leave. And as they went out into the street:

"That is a remarkable woman," said Abishai.

Joab nodded.

"Yes," he said. "She always was a remarkable woman."

THEY had two weeks to put morale into the militia before Absalom crossed the Jordan, with his cousin Amasa leading a great army from all Israel. And while Joab was stiffening the militia Bathsheba was stiffening the King; so much so that when they held a grand review of their troops, just before setting out to meet Absalom, he was almost the David of old. His scarlet cloak and gilded armor were bright in the sun; red streaks shone in his silver beard; once again he was the dazzling, incomparable leader. And when the review was over and the troops had concentrated about him in close-packed ranks, he told them that he would lead them into battle himself.

Joab sat dumb and amazed; this was the first he had heard of any such decision. Bathsheba must have inspired it. . . . No, he decided. It wouldn't do. David was too incalculable now; his flashes of energy were too rare; they were spent too soon. In this mood he was worth ten thousand men; but if he slumped, as he had slumped in the flight from Jerusalem—

It took Joab only a moment to think that far; but before he could speak the men had spoken. From all sides, from far back in the close-packed ranks—from regulars and militia too—there went up a tremendous shout:

"No! No, Lord! No! Not you! You are worth ten thousand of us!"

And Joab listened in silent content. They were right. David—the idea of David—was still worth half the army. Let him wait in the background out of sight, an unseen, awesome force.

So the army went out in three corps; Joab commanded one, Abishai another, and Ittai of Gath the third; for Joab had studied this young man and found him a commander worth trusting. And David stayed behind in Mahanaim with Benaiah and the Philistines of the guard. Joab could do without them, now that David had turned the militia into men who would die for the King. They marched out, the King watching them from his seat on the roofed balcony above the gate; and when they had passed through the gate he halted them and called Joab and Abishai and Ittai up to him and spoke to them in sight and hearing of all the army. . . . And Joab saw that he was weakening.

"Deal gently with the young man Absalom!" he commanded. "Deal gently with him for my sake!" And all the people heard it; and when Joab saluted and went back to his column he knew that that order must have sent a tremor of uncertainty through the army. Deal gently with the head of the rebellion, a man who sought the King's life? What were they going out for? . . . "Thank God," thought Joab grimly, "he stays behind."

THEIR scouts reported that the enemy were entering a pass that led through a group of rocky hills, covered with thickets—a treacherous, uncertain country, with hidden pits and rocky clefts concealed in undergrowth. Abishai would have ambushed them as they came through the one narrow path; but Joab, reconnoitering the hills, decided against it.

"The country is too difficult, Abishai. We'll let them get through; and then, when they begin to deploy, we'll drive them back into the rocks and the jungle."

And so they did. Absalom's troops came out, a very splendid array; from across the valley they marked the prince on his coal-black mule, and Amasa, in silvered armor, on a prancing horse beside him.

His militia, disordered by the squeezing in the narrow pass, debouched in confusion; men swarmed up and down seeking their units as the army spread out right and left, deploying along the valley in front of the rocks and thickets—and then Joab was on them; three wedge-shaped columns of spearmen striking before they could form, each one pointed with shock troops, hard-faced regulars or Philistines, given depth and body by the mass of Gileadites and Ammonites. And over the heads of the columns Joab's archers, standing in line, volleyed steadily into the confused mass of Absalom's army. . . .

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And the people of Israel were smitten there before the servants of David, and there was a great slaughter. For they were flung back into the rocks and thickets, and the battle was spread over the face of all the country. And the forest devoured more people that day than the sword.

They ran—they flung away their arms and ran stumbling among the rocks and clefts and hidden pits in the undergrowth; Amasa galloped away down the pass; and Absalom, cut off from the pass, rode away on his mule through the woods. And as the mule went under the thick boughs of a great oak, Absalom's head caught in the oak; and he was taken up and hung there, while the mule that was under him went on.

JOAB heard that as he plodded cautiously through the rocky thickets, trying to give some order and direction to a pursuit that threatened to become as confused as the rout. And he stood still and looked at the soldier who reported it; and the man cowered away.

"You saw him, and you didn't kill him?" Joab growled. "I'd have given you—"

"No, sir!" said the soldier firmly. "Not for a thousand pieces of silver would I touch the King's son! We heard the King command you to spare Absalom!" And as the general still regarded him blackly: "Suppose I had killed him! The King would have found out who did it—and would you have saved me from him? No, sir! Not me!"

. . . "So I must do this too," Joab perceived.

"I can't waste time on you," he growled. "Where is he?"

Following the soldier's pointing finger—his escort panting after him—he presently came on Absalom, unhelmeted, hanging by his thick, long hair from the crotch of a branch. The prince panted in agony; his hands were upraised; he was desperately trying to free himself. His anguished gaze fell on Joab, the son of Zeruiah, the man who had brought him back from exile, who had reconciled him to the King. . . . The man of blood. . . . Absalom closed his eyes.

And Joab thrust him through with a javelin; and then another, and still another, to make sure. . . . He turned to his trumpeter.

"Blow the recall!" he commanded. "Let the men come back from pursuing Israel. The war is over."

They came marching back to Mahanaim with songs and shouting, Philistines and Mighty Men who had put amateur troops in their place, Gileadites and Ammonites who had nerved themselves to win a great battle and save David for Israel, save the idea of David for all the nations. And as they sang and shouted a messenger came to Joab out of the city; and the rumor ran down the ranks, the singing ceased, the shouts died away; and the victory that day was turned into mourning for all the people. . . . For the King sat over the gate, weeping for his dead son who had rebelled against him. . . . David, whom they had saved, would not see the army that had saved him; he thought of nothing but Absalom.

And the victorious army that had saved him and saved Israel slunk into the city, silent, with hanging heads, like stragglers sneaking away from battle. And as they passed under the gate they heard broken sobs overhead, and the voice that had promised this morning to lead them out to battle was wailing, "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! Would to God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

The man they had saved!

"Take them on through town," said Joab to Abishai, "and hold them in their ranks. Don't let them scatter and start talking." And he turned aside and mounted the stairs to the house over the gate; and there he looked down at the King, face downward on the couch and sobbing, till David felt his presence and slowly looked up.

"You have put us all to shame!" said Joab. His voice was level and cold. "You have insulted every man who serves you, the army that has saved your life this day, and the lives of your sons and daughters and your wives. You love your enemies and hate your friends."

The King sat up, his tear-stained face contorted in weak anger. He would have spoken, but Joab's slow, icy voice cut him off:

"If Absalom had lived today and all the rest of us had died, you would have been happy. The men who served you are nothing to you; you despise us all. And the kingdom is nothing to you! I could forgive anything but that!" Again the King would have spoken, but Joab broke in: "Be still! . . . You've never known what it was all about. You never understood and would not have cared if you had understood. You didn't care about making a nation; you only thought of making David. . . . Well, you've been useful. Not David the man but David the idea—that has made the nation. David the man had his women and his harp, and that was all he wanted, all he cared for, all he could understand. But the kingdom needs David, the idea. . . . Get up and review your army! Give your men the thanks they have earned!"

But the King sat motionless; even the hatred in his eyes was diluted by his grief. "Absalom!" he muttered.

Joab laughed.

"I killed Absalom! That will end the war and save the nation if you do your part. And you're going to do it. . . . For do you think Israel will be content now? Israel needs a king. Absalom is dead, but if you fail them there will be someone else. The North is dissatisfied, Judah is still resentful. And this army—! By God! Unless you get up and thank the men who saved you, you will not have a man left tonight!"

Now David stared at him, with the beginnings of alarm.

Joab crossed the floor with slow heavy strides; he towered over the King.

The King of Israel rose, stood on tottering feet before the man of blood.

"Go to the window!" Joab commanded him. "Sit there and review your army. Sit there till the last man has passed; smile at them, and wave your hand. Let them see that there is a David after all. Then, perhaps, we can still make them believe in the Promised Land."

HE STRODE heavily down the stairs; he mounted and rode down to the square in the center of the city where Abishai still held the victorious troops in their ranks, sullen and silent. Joab raised his hand.

"Men! His Majesty the King is graciously pleased to review his army and render his thanks!"

. . . When the troops were dismissed at last, relieved and contented, with the joy of victory beginning to burn high in them once more, Abishai came back to Joab's headquarters.

"I suppose I'll never need that again," he said, grinning ruefully. "But I tell you, Joab, it was great to win one more battle before we are through! . . . And now we can go back to the country, you and I, and live in ease—"

"You can," said Joab. "But I—I must go back to Jerusalem and govern Israel till David is dead. This kingdom must have a king. And after that— Well, perhaps I'll have time to make something out of Adonijah."

(To be concluded next week)

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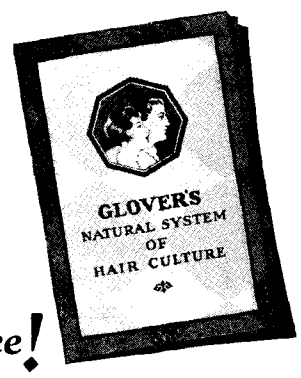

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Seven Days' Leave

Continued from page 11

I'll 'ave yer other chop ready in a minute."

The absurdity of her brought a smile to Howard's pale, trembling lips. He patted her thin, bony shoulder, went out, and climbed the stairs again. There, dropping heavily into his chair, he buried his face in his hands.

The *plop-plops* were intermittent now and getting fainter. At last all was quiet. And then—out of that quiet—came a new and vibrant sound: the plaintive cry of a little stranger come to earth.

It thrilled Howard, ran through his veins and electrified him. He stood there listening. The cry was indubitably very like the mew of a strayed kitten. He visualized a little choleric face, tiny curled hands, writhing, reddened legs. Bowing his head he went through the performance of a muttered prayer.

THERE was a sound on the stairs. Essie was crouched against the banister. She had crawled up to listen. The candlelight intensified the wistfulness of her white, little face.

"Oo, Gawd!" she piped. "'Ark to 'im! Ain't it wonnerful?"

The nurse appeared. In her arms she carried a bundle of soft woolly material. Howard went to meet her. She pulled back a fold of wool, disclosing a glimpse of something purple—"here is your daughter."

"Lor'!" gasped Essie. "It's a girl, then? Not a boy."

Much later, Howard was permitted to see his wife. The sight of her—after seven months' absence—brought him to his knees. Her fragile loveliness, the expression of love, sincerity and thankfulness in her aching eyes, the touch of her weak and humid hand, overwhelmed him. He couldn't say a word. He could only gaze and gaze on her.

"Poor Alan," she said, stroking his hair, "how you must have suffered for me. But all is well, dear—all is well."

She spoke easily. Her voice hadn't a tremor in it.

"To have two such blessings the same day," she said, closing her eyes for a moment. "My baby—and my soldier-husband." She clung to his hand. "Dear God—to have you near me once again."

Very gently he leaned over and kissed her soft lips, watched them curl into a little smile.

"Poor Alan," she said again. "I'm afraid it's not much fun for you—is it, dear? But isn't she beautiful?"

"Very," he muttered.

Her eyes registered a shade of disappointment. "You don't seem awfully sure about it," she pouted.

"Of course she's beautiful." Howard put a vast amount of enthusiasm into his tone.

"But weren't you a little sorry, Alan? Didn't you want a boy? You did, didn't you?"

He had a mental flash of Ypres and grown-up boys in battle.

"No," he said. "I wanted a girl."

"What shall we call her? If only she could be christened before you—before—" She stopped. "Alan," she said, "what shall we call her?"

"Well, I've thought of Lois—"

"You really like that name?"

"I adore it."

"And Katherine—after your mother."

He smiled at her. "Lois Katherine Howard," he pronounced. "I can see a tall beautiful girl with golden hair and—"

"But not for a long, long time," she pleaded. "I want my baby first. Something to take my mind off—" Again she stopped; again she closed her eyes. "There have been a lot of casualties, Alan."

"Not so many—old thing."

"In your battalion."

"Those were fellows up in a different sector," he lied evenly. "You see, my company is back of the front line—back—oh, a great distance."

It was unlike her to question him about the war. There was an understanding between them on that score.

"Tell me, old thing. If it really got very hot round here—where would you go? The cellar? The underground station? The latter is safer, I think."

"The cellar," she replied. "I went down there once before—with Essie."

"Will you promise me—?"

"Yes, dear."

There was a long silence.

Nurse Robson came in. "I think," she said, "my patient should try to get a little rest."

Lois nodded. Her eyes were a sleepy blue. "Kiss me just once again," she whispered.

"Oh, my love . . . my darling. . . ." Blindly he rose, blindly left the room.

The raid was the most disastrous in the annals of London. Howard read the severely censored account of it in the morning newspaper. Hundreds of people killed and maimed. Great damage done to two railway stations.

But not once during the entire week did he or Lois refer to it. Not once was the subject of war deliberately broached. Seven days passed all too rapidly. Howard spent them by a bedside, looking down on the delicate beauty of his wife and the tiny, helpless thing that clung to her. In lieu of attending the theatre, of dancing, of participating in the whirl of London's tense and deathly gayety, they read Wordsworth, Shelley, Byron, and played ridiculous games of cards, and discussed plans for the future with vast benefit to the yet unbaptized Lois Katherine.

And so it went in perfect harmony, without incident or wound of war, until the hands of the clock crept nearer and nearer a certain wretched hour.

Both of them were terribly conscious of that hour. Neither spoke of it. Lois kept her smile, and he his cheerful manner, his laugh, his light, good-humored banter. By several signs their acting was disclosed, and toward the very end Howard betrayed himself by sheer overemphasis of his laugh, his joking.

He was holding his daughter in his arms and marching up and down the room. Lois, in bed, watched them with an indulgent, loving smile.

"How long is it," he wanted to know, "before a baby can talk?"

She laughed feverishly. "Oh, a long time. A year, at least."

"A year! Preposterous! Why can't a child be taught to talk at once? God knows they kick up enough noise."

"Alan! Noise? A sweet, helpless little cry like that?"

He was looking into the incredulous blue of his daughter's eyes. His smile was wholly artificial. The ticking of the clock cut through him like a sword.

"What," asked Lois, "would you have her say to you—supposing she could talk?"

"What would I have her say?" he repeated nervously. He glanced up at her rather shamefacedly, then back at the child in his arms.

"Oh, I don't know," he cackled. "Daddy, I think. Sounds awfully sappy and all that—but there you are. I'd like her to say—daddy—just—just once. Hey, there!—how about it?" With his forefinger he prodded a little rubber chin. "Come on—let's hear it. Daddy—daddy—"

A trickle of saliva left his daughter's mouth.

"Ah, it's no good," he decided. "Here—take the little brat." He placed the infant on her mother's breast.

"Well, old thing," he breezed, "I'm afraid I'll have to be drifting. Time's up, gentlemen—as they say in the pub."

ALMOST indifferently she put her offspring away from her and with a pathetic gesture held out her arms. He went to them and—on his knees—fought strenuously to hide the tragedy of his feelings. Suddenly he was kissing her eyes, her shoulders, with an intensity borne of desperation.

"Bravery!" he choked. "Why, we soldiers are cowards compared with women like you. That night—when that damned Zeppelin came—and you—here—"

She pressed his head to her bosom. "I don't consider that had much to do with bravery," she said. "A little pain, a lit-

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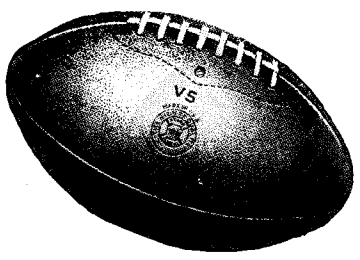

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tle discomfort. Sometimes I think it is the very secret of this life we lead. Agony should go with sacrifice—a willing sacrifice—for a cause. What is it? The cause of humanity? Yes, if you believe in humanity—something that's part of you—all round you. That is the one thing that sustains you—over in France. If not—it's all too futile—"

He said nothing. He was shivering a little.

"Poor, dear Alan," she said more intimately. "Never mind. When next you come on leave—we'll go away together. Won't we? A second honeymoon."

"Just you and I," he managed.

"Just you and I, dear." Then, in a faint tone, she said: "When will you come?"

He summoned all his courage and looked at her. For the first time since his return the smile in her eyes had faded, vanished. He tensed himself, fought down the tumult in his throat.

"When?" he smiled. "Oh, quite soon—old thing. In about six months or so. Soon pass, you know. I'll be back here almost before you know it. Besides, you won't be so lonely now—will you?—with this little brat to keep you company."

HE ALMOST tore himself away from her, stood up, turned his back.

"Well, s'long, old thing. Got to rush." He was speaking raggedly. "Drop you a line in a day or so."

He turned. Her arms were still outstretched to him. Her face was pale. She said nothing. Again he went back to her, kissed her.

"Promise me," he heard himself imploring, "promise me—if they come—you'll take shelter somewhere. Don't stay here. Don't—don't endanger your life. . . ."

Their hands met. Fingers entwined fingers in a viselike grip. It seemed as if no power in heaven and earth could ever pry those fingers apart again.

"I love you, Alan."

It was the veriest whisper; a whisper full of the exquisite agony that only a woman can know; a whisper fraught with love, anxiety and pain.

In the darkness of Victoria a crowded troop train was pulling out. As it left the station a swarm of emotional human beings ran with it along the platform; bride of a day and age-old prostitute, father, mother, son and brother, erring wife and wayward sister—all akin, all cousins in their common hour.

"So long, Blighty! See you again, some day."

Good-by-ee, don't cry-ee,
There's a silver lining
In the sky-ee. . . .

The lamentations of tortured souls in the moment of parting from their loved ones. Above them in the London sky searchlights were playing their nightly game. And, suddenly, the sharp, staccato bark of guns.

"A blooming air raid! Gawd's truth! What-ho! Ain't we lucky? Well, I should say so. Let's get out of it!"

An air raid it was, and the engine driver hurried his cargo of valuable fighting material out of danger—toward their own battlefield.

Captain Redfern was intoxicated. Major Bittel was more so. To the extent, in fact, that he tearfully regretted his behavior with a girl called Josie; to the extent that he proclaimed he loved his wife more than any woman in the world and cursed himself that he didn't spend longer than a day with her in their little home outside Edinburgh.

"To hell with Angela," roared Captain Redfern. "I'm through with her. I tell you I had the time of my life with someone twenty thousand times more beautiful. Didn't you see her at the station? Didn't you see her? She's beautiful—"

The carriage, of course, was darkened. Through the windows on both sides the sky was lively with the pyrotechnical effect of London's resistance to Germany. As he watched it Howard felt something wet and sticky on his lip. His teeth had drawn blood.

"Life! Tha's the ticket!" shouted Redfern. "See life while you may. Here today and gone—hic—tomorrow. Tha's me, Bittel. Tha's me, Howard. She's beautiful, I tell you. Drink like hell, grab the first girl you can find and kiss her till she's silly. Eh, Howard—you sly, quiet, old codger. Where the hell you been hiding, Howard? Why didn't you come to Maxim's—the club? Hic—who's gotta drink?"

Captain Redfern! As handsome a young officer as ever wore leather; brave as a lion, beloved by his men and brother officers and every woman who ever cast eyes on him. Captain Redfern, twenty-five years old, his brain saturated by reason of a week's steady drinking, his eyes—usually so bright and provocative—bleary and dulled and dark-circled.

The train was gathering speed. The seven officers in the close confines of the hot and gloomy carriage were silent save for Captain Redfern.

"See life while you may," he kept repeating. "Life, my boy! Tha's the way to spend your leave. Come on, Howard! For God's sake open up. Tell us what you've been doing—you sly old fox."

"Yes, Howard," put in Major Bittel. "What the devil have you been doing with yourself?"

"Me?" All at once Howard felt hysterical. He wanted to shout and scream and shake his fist at the searchlights. "Me?" he yelled wildly. "Seeing life—like the rest of you—only—in a different way."

"Life! Tha's the thing!" roared Redfern.

"Yes, life," shouted Howard, now utterly unable to control himself. "Life that will blossom, please God, long after this hideous, blasted war is done—life in the finest, truest, loveliest sense of its meaning—life that comes only with a woman's agony—bravery—" His voice broke. "Oh, my God," he cried, "life in the midst of death and destruction and—oh, my God—"

They were all silent.

"HERE, old man—pull yourself together." With a clumsy effort, Redfern tried to console him. "Here, old chap—take a pull at this."

"Le's all sing," clamored Bittel. "Somebody strike up a song."

"Yes," said Redfern. "For the Lord's sake—le's all sing—or something."

A hoarse voice started:

Keep the home fires burning—
While the—

Howard wanted to join in. Anything to get hold of himself again. His throat was closed tight, hurting like hell. He put the flask to his lips and drank deeply.

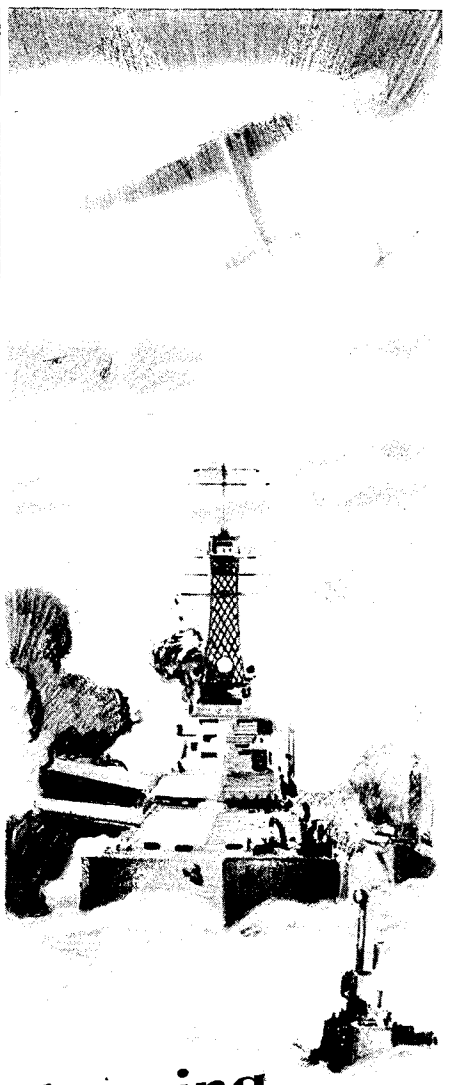
Though the boys are far away,
They dream of home;

Most of them were singing now, roaring out the words in a convivial enthusiasm—if not exactly in unison:

There's a silver lining,
Through the dark clouds shining.

Howard visualized Ypres. *A willing sacrifice for the cause of humanity.* God! Nothing to it, really! Nothing at all! And suddenly he was singing—his eyes shut—his hands clenched—singing like a fool—hoping—praying:

Turn the dark clouds inside out,
Till the boys come home.



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Shave your face but save your skin

I can't explain it

Continued from page 15

away in her purse and began to put on her hat. "Suppose I accept this in full payment and let the million dollars go?"

Ellery did not argue the point.

"I—" he began. "You . . . Last year. . . . Do you remember? . . ."

"My memory is very good," said Miss Keen sedately. "You are the man who can drive sixty-five miles an hour with no gas."

"My present car," Ellery said, a trifle breathlessly, "holds the gas very well. If you cared to go somewhere with me for lunch, we could discuss . . . insurance."

Leslie Keen hesitated. "I'm going to let the suit drop."

"As a matter of fact," said Ellery, "I've got a suit of my own that I'd like to talk over with you. I have suffered damages too. But not to the hair."

"What, then?" asked Leslie Keen incautiously.

"To the heart," said Ellery.

WHEN Leslie Keen arrived with Mr. Ashendene Smythe at the Morrisons' dance that night, Ellery was already there. He watched them come in together. Leslie was in white—white with a silver frill somewhere, and silver slippers on her twinkling feet, and a silver band in her hair to cover the burned place. She looked thoughtful, a little grave. Ellery had never seen her look grave before, and he liked it. But, then, he liked all the ways that Leslie Keen could look.

Ashendene Smythe, Ellery did not like so well. It was not that he was ugly—in fact, he was just too sleek and handsome for anything. But there was a kind of pallor in his personality, such as comes from never doing anything more exhausting than cashing checks. Somehow one would not have expected Leslie Keen to like him.

Ellery strode forward into the press of dancers and laid a heavy hand on the shoulder of Ashendene Smythe.

Leslie Keen danced as if she were blown by a wind, unconscious of effort or of motion.

"How's your aunt?" she asked.

"My aunt?"

"Yes. Your good, kind, noble aunt who had the headache."

"Oh," said Ellery. "That aunt. Her headache is better, thank you."

Leslie Keen laughed, that quick spontaneous laughter that seemed to go right down to some secret fund of mirth. "I don't believe you've got an aunt."

Ellery was startled. "Look here," he cried. "Of course I've got an aunt. Had her for years. She—"

After that Ashendene Smythe cut back again. And after that so did Ellery. And after that. . . . It could never be said that Ellery was lacking perseverance.

"Let's get out of this," he heard Smythe saying. "There's a place under the stairs. . . ."

The place under the stairs had a row of ferns in front, and behind them was one of those double-decker pieces of furniture pleasantly named a love seat. When Leslie Keen came up with Ashendene Smythe clinging to her hand, the love seat was being occupied by Ellery.

"Oh, here you are," he said. "Good. I've saved a place for you."

Smythe gave Leslie's hand a little tug. "Come along. We don't want a crowd."

"Oh, it won't be a bit crowded," said Ellery genially. "I don't mind sitting close."

Ashendene Smythe showed more energy than you would have believed possible. "Look here," he said. "I don't know who you are, and I don't want to. But let me say right now—"

"I?" said Ellery. "Oh, there's no secret about me. I'm an adjuster."

"Then what I'd like," said Smythe, "is to see you adjusting your hat and coat and going out that door."

"Curious, isn't it?" said Ellery. "That's the way I feel about you."

They both took her home in the same taxicab, and extended each a hand to help her to alight.

"I'll telephone you," said Smythe sulkily.

"I'll call for you at nine," said Ellery. "I've got to go to Bayside about an automobile theft case. . . and there's nothing like riding in the wind to restore burned hair."

After that Leslie Keen rode with Ellery quite a lot—for the sake of her hair. And Ellery had never done such brilliant work as he did that spring. Petherick himself said so. But all the time there was a cloud on Ellery's horizon no bigger than . . . Mr. Ashendene Smythe. Smythe was still annoyingly present, and Leslie was seeing him more than was good for her. More than was good for Ellery, anyhow.

That was not the worst of it either. The worst of it was something in Leslie Keen's own attitude that he found hard to define—as if she didn't take him seriously. Ellery did not often take himself seriously, but he wanted Leslie to. The thing came to a focus one day over an advertisement for headache pills on a package of matches.

"You ought to get some for your aunt," Leslie said.

"Look here," Ellery said, "you don't act as if you believed to this day that I've got an aunt."

"What difference does it make?" said Leslie lightly. "You're awfully entertaining, anyhow."

Ellery took offense at the "anyhow." "If I say I've got an aunt, I've got an aunt, that's all," he said gruffly. "And I'm going to take you there to tea just so you can see her."

ELLERY'S Aunt Parker was a good, kind woman, and so accustomed to the ways of her nephew that she was not surprised when he ushered in a strange young lady for tea. It was a good tea, with some of the cakes for which Aunt Parker's cook was famous, and on the whole it was a success. Still, any tea may last too long.

"How's the garden?" Ellery asked abruptly.

"The garden?" said Ellery's Aunt Parker.

"What I thought was," blurted Ellery uncomfortably, "that I might take Miss Keen out and show her the . . . the crocuses."

"The crocuses are all gone."

"The . . . the roses, then."

"The roses have not come. But there are some very nice tulips."

Ellery put down his cup. "Want to see the tulips?" he asked.

He and Leslie walked together in the garden, down the straight path between the tulip beds to the sundial. The shadow lay aslant of it, marking late afternoon, but the glow in the sky was not half so wonderful as the glow in Leslie Keen's uplifted face. She was very near, and there was a kind of fra-

Bandit—"Whad'ye think o' that! While we were busy inside some dirty crook stole our car!"

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grance about her, beyond the fragrance of a garden and her lips were a little parted. Suddenly everything was *all right.*

"The tulips are very—red, aren't they?" she said softly.

"Yes," said Ellery.

And all at once she was in his arms, and he was kissing her.

On the way home, however, things began to go a little wrong—though Ellery did not realize until afterward how wrong they were going. Leslie, it appeared, was dining in; her uncle was entertaining business friends and wanted her to be there.

"Petherick wanted me to have dinner with him tonight," Ellery told her. "But if I could see you, I'd put him off."

"Pretty grand," she suggested, "dining with the boss."

"Might be going to raise my pay, or something," said Ellery largely.

From a business point of view, Ellery's night was a success, though in other ways it was pretty terrible. He dined with Mr. Petherick, and the subject of increased salary was actually introduced; but afterward Mr. Petherick took him to the Wild and Woolly Review at the Tropical Gardens, where Jacqueline Delmar was being featured in native dances. Ellery was not quite sure what the dances were native of, and he found it hard to sit through them when he might have been calling up Leslie Keen to tell her the good news.

Not so Mr. Petherick. Jacqueline Delmar had long white legs which she knew how to wriggle to advantage, and slick red hair laid on flat like paint; she did her dances in a piece of leopard's skin, and Mr. Petherick, hanging forward over the rail of his box, with his face flushed and his own eyes popping in their sockets, did not miss a thing. In common with others of this type, Mr. Petherick left his good sense behind him at the office door; between the acts he sent roses to Jacqueline Delmar's dressing-room, and when she came on again she wore one behind her ear and carried another in her fingers which she playfully tossed into the Petherick box. It happened to hit Ellery, and he could feel himself getting a lot redder than Mr. Petherick was. It was only by fixing his attention hard on Leslie Keen beside the sundial that he was able to keep from leaping up and vanishing.

AT THE close of the performance Ellery drove Mr. Petherick home; he stopped for a little at a drug store before going home himself. A fine rain was falling and the pavements glittered with the wet; Ellery drove slowly, cooling the embarrassment of the evening, and thinking about Leslie Keen. Tomorrow. . . . He was just passing the Tropical Gardens again when the door of the stage entrance flew open and Jacqueline Delmar ran out. Her high-heeled gold slippers had no sooner touched the wet pavement than she slipped and fell. There is no insurance adjuster in the world who would not have put on the brakes.

Jacqueline Delmar, seeing the good-looking young man from the stage box stopping in the street, decided that it was not too late to scream—and did so heartily.

"I've broken my leg," she cried.

This, from the agility with which she stretched out the broken member for his inspection, seemed improbable; but she had certainly skinned her knee—already a drop of blood was soaking through her chiffon stocking.

"Won't I just make them pay for this, though!" said Miss Delmar vindictively. "It's their fault for having the steps wet."

Ellery was thinking fast. Tropical Gardens, Inc., insured with Petherick. "Here," he said. "I'll tie it up. Do you feel faint? Suppose I take you somewhere and get you a shot of something?"

The Dive was nearest, and they went there. Ellery led Miss Delmar to a table on the edge of the dancing floor and got her a shot of something. Miss Delmar had laid aside her leopard skin in favor of a dress of gold tissue hardly less scantily proportioned; and she elected to sit on the same side of the table where Ellery sat.

Ellery was still thinking fast. But he had purchased half a dozen shots or more before he dared suggest a dance. In the face of having spent a night in dancing, it would be hard for Miss Delmar to prove really fatal injuries. Presently she forgot her limp altogether.

ELLERY felt that he was doing well, but he was just as glad that none of his friends happened to be present. Miss Delmar was not his taste in ladies, and he did not care to have anyone think she was. He had a bad start for a moment when he recognized Ashendene Smythe. He saw that Smythe was probably in no condition to notice him, even if they met. Smythe's languor had fallen from him, his assumption of bored indifference, and he was dancing the mouse-trap clinch with a vigor equaled only by the vigor of his partner. She was not Ellery's taste in ladies either. For an instant he was conscious of a mean wish that Leslie might know, but Ellery was not one to run and tell. He turned his attention to Miss Delmar, who was just taking another shot and demanding that they try the mouse-trap clinch themselves.

It was after five when Ellery left Miss Delmar at her apartment.

"I'll put it over them all right, all right," she said a trifle thickly. "Those steps were buttered. There were banana skins on 'em. I'll make them see the light, and don't you forget it."

"You bet I won't," said Ellery heartily. He drove off feeling extremely pleased with himself, and remained in this condition until twelve o'clock the next day.

At twelve Ellery called Leslie Keen, to ask if she would like to drive to Long Point with him to see about another theft case. He had something awfully amusing to tell her. . . .

"No," said Leslie.

He thought at first she could not have understood him. "Hello," he cried. "Hello. This is Ellery. I said should you like—"

"No," said Leslie.

This time there was no mistake about it. And at once the telephone became pregnant with that peculiar quality of silence which means that there is no longer anyone at the other end.

At 12:15 Ellery called at the Darrell home, and at 12:30 he succeeded in seeing Leslie. There was something in his first look at her that upset him terribly. For the first time Ellery did not like Leslie Keen's expression. It was too . . . dignified.

"Look here," he cried. "What have I done? What—"

"Oh, don't be spectacular," said Leslie. She seated herself in a stiff-backed chair, that somehow was not half so stiff as she.

"But, Leslie. I don't understand. What—"

"Don't talk to me like that," she said a trifle wearily. "What's the use? Keep it for your red-headed chorus-girl friend who throws you roses in your box."

So that was it. Ellery relaxed, immensely relieved. "I can explain that in no time," he said easily.

And upon that Leslie Keen, who had been so upsettingly quiet, flared out at him all at once. "You don't need to

(*Continued on page 52*)

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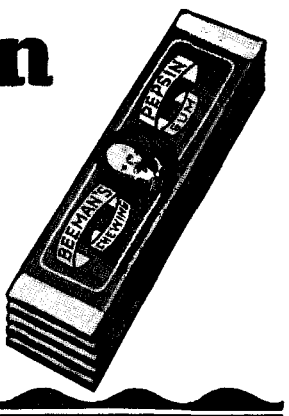

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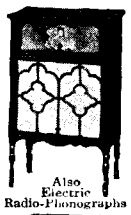

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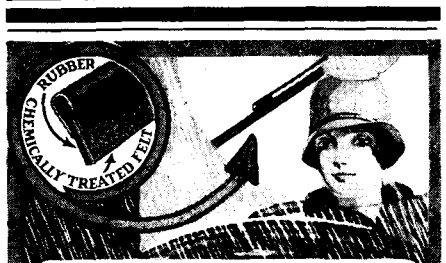

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I can't explain it

Continued from page 51

bother," she cried. "I know all I want to about your explanations. *I* don't care who you go out with. It's nothing to me. But why trouble to tell me all that elaborate story about going to dinner with Petherick?"

"But I did go to dinner with him. I went to dinner with him, and he took me to the Wild and Woolly Review."

"Mm," said Leslie.

"And then I drove him home, and then I went to a drug store, and when I was driving home myself, and that girl—Jacqueline Delmar, her name is—"

"Mm," said Leslie.

"Jacqueline Delmar came out of the theatre, and she fell down and skinned her knee, and I'm an insurance adjuster, and so I had to do something—"

"And how did you happen to be driving past the theatre again, anyhow, after you'd gone home?"

"Why, I hadn't gone home. I took Mr. Petherick home, and then I went to the drug store to get a drink of water. . . ."

"*Water!*"

"Yes, water."

"And what time did you say the show was out?"

"About twelve."

"And what time did you say you got back to the theatre?"

"About 1:30."

"And it took you an hour and a half to get a drink of water?"

"Well, no. I stayed a while and talked to the drug clerk."

"I thought drug stores closed at 12:30."

Ellery moistened his lips. "Well, yes, they do. This one did. But, you see, I knew the drug clerk—had a case for him once—and so we stayed and talked."

"Mm," said Leslie. "And then you went back to the theatre and found Miss Delmar waiting for you."

"She wasn't waiting for me!" cried Ellery. "When I was going by she came out and when she came out she slipped and fell down and skinned her knee, and—"

"You said that before."

Panic seized Ellery then. All the experience of a lifetime did him no good. He had explained things inexplicable times without number, when he hadn't really cared; and now when he cared more than anything he couldn't explain a simple thing like why he had been at a night club with Jacqueline Delmar. A coldness ran along his spine. He knew the feeling of terror.

Suddenly he was beside Leslie, down on the floor, clutching at the cold small hands that lay so still in her lap. "You don't believe me!" he blurted.

Leslie Keen turned her head away and did not look. "It doesn't sound very probable, does it?" she said wearily.

AFTER that the world went all to pieces. The case of Jacqueline Delmar vs. Tropical Gardens, Inc., came on handsomely, and Ellery did not care whether it came on at all or not; he uttered an untactful swear word when his chief complimented him on the way he had handled it. Every morning and every noon and about twenty times every night he called on Leslie Keen; the maid grew so sorry at last for the haggard young man with the wild eyes and the desperate look that she would not answer the doorbell. When he went to the Wild and Woolly that day to settle final details with Miss Delmar, he had not seen Leslie for two weeks, and had eaten no meal worthy of the name for an exactly equal period. He was feeling a little rocky when he left his car beside the curb and went inside.

When Ellery came out again the car was gone. But he did not care much: what was the use in having a car anyway, if there was no one to ride with you? He turned in a report to the police as a matter of routine, and spent the evening writing letters which he afterward tore up.

Ellery was in bed next morning when the telephone rang. He answered it apathetically, not caring whether they'd found his car or not. Then suddenly he was tense, gripping the receiver. Over the wire came a voice, a strange voice that he had never heard before, but that he knew at once.

"Oh, Ellery," cried Leslie Keen, "come quick."

No young man ever came quicker than Ellery came that morning.

LESLIE KEEN was in the stiff-backed chair where he had last seen her, but there was nothing rigid now about her attitude. If she sat erect, it was only that she seemed held so by the tenseness of a will not accustomed to bending. Her fingers locked together, tight, in an involuntary gesture of panic that was not like Leslie Keen—but the directness with which she faced Ellery, the tilt of that small chin, were Leslie's own. "It's too absurd," she said steadily. "But they say I stole your car, and they're going to arrest me."

Afterward, as well as she could, she told him all about it.

"You see," she said, "it was like this: I went to the matinée at the Wild and Woolly to see that Delmar woman, and I thought she was terrible. When I was coming out I saw Ashendene Smythe, and I wanted to get away from him—"

"Did you?" said Ellery brightly.

"I hate him. The mean old tattletale," said Leslie in a curt parenthesis. "And just then I saw your car standing at the curb. I thought you were meeting Miss Delmar, and it would be good enough for you to come out and find the car gone. It sounds like awful kid stuff, Ellery, but I saw you'd left your key in the lock, and so—I got in."

"Perfectly natural," Ellery encouraged her.

"I thought I'd take the car back to the garage where you keep it, and put it up, and that would be about the last place you'd look for it. This sounds terrible, Ellery."

"Not at all," cried Ellery heartily.

"I didn't have anything to do, so I thought I'd take a ride first, and pretend—" She checked herself sharply, confused at the betrayal.

Ellery ventured to touch her fingers, twisting in her lap—just a light touch, and away.

"I went past your aunt's house and I thought I'd stop and have tea, and *maybe*—"

"Fine!" cried Ellery. "Then it's all right. You've got an alibi."

"That's it," said Leslie. "I haven't. When I rang the bell, nobody answered. So I went down in the garden, and—oh, Ellery, I can't tell you this."

"Sure, you can," said Ellery—and this time he took her hand openly and did not let it go.

"I went down in the garden, where the sundial is, and I stayed a long time. Maybe two hours. When I got back to the gate the car was gone."

"Never mind," said Ellery. "We can get another."

And suddenly his kindness, his unquestioning acceptance, did what panic and hurt pride had not been able to accomplish; Leslie fought against the trembling of a small chin that would tremble in spite of her.

"I didn't know what to do about it," she said, "so I didn't do anything. I meant to write to you this morning. But this morning—"

It was at this moment exactly that Inspector Burphey was announced.

Mr. Burphey was not a charming man. Without being fat, he gave an impression of extreme meatiness; he had a raw face, criss-crossed with fine veins of red, and a raw, loud voice; his stiff black hair seemed to be trying politely to lift his hat off his head.

"Yah!" he said loudly. "So we got you." He stood over Leslie, looking terribly small in the stiff-backed chair, like the very shadow of the law: "An' who're you?" he said to Ellery.

"I'm Ellery Wingate. I—"

"Oh, you're the feller that lost the car, huh?" He whirled again toward Leslie. "Now then, you; no beating around the bush. You don't deny you took it, do you? Huh?"

"She—" began Ellery.

"You keep outer this," roared Burphey. "You don't deny you took it, huh?"

"Well, I took it," said Leslie faintly. "But I didn't steal it. I—"

"Yah!" said Burphey. "Tell it to the judge. And what'd you do with it? Tell me that."

Leslie's hands locked together until the knuckles whitened. "Well, first I went to tea with Mr. Wingate's Aunt Parker. . . ."

"Yah! You went to tea with the aunt of the man you stole the car from. An' I s'pose this here aunt is all ready to c'roborate your story."

"Well, no," said Leslie. "You see, she wasn't there."

"I *see*, all right. You went to tea with her, but she wasn't there, huh? An' w'at then?"

"Then I went in the garden," said Leslie, very faintly indeed.

"An' how long were 'r there?"

"About two hours."

"An' w'at d'r do?"

"I walked round by the sundial, and picked two or three tulips, and when I got back the car was gone."

"Yah. You spent two hours pickin' two tulips, an' while y' were pickin' 'em the car dug itself a hole an' crawled in. A pretty likely story. Pret-ty like-ly!"

"I've found," said Leslie bravely, "that pretty improbable stories can turn out to be true."

IT WAS then that Ellery definitely took charge of the proceedings.

Mr. Burphey, Ellery said, was known to be a pillar of the law, a support, an upright, you might say, of justice; nevertheless, on this occasion Mr. Burphey was laboring under a misapprehension.

At the time when the car was borrowed Miss Keen had been pursued through the public streets by a man, of a notoriously mean and low nature, whose persistent attentions had been for a long time highly unpleasant to the young lady in question. Put to it for a method of escape, who should blame her if she seized the only means at hand? None, Mr. Burphey least of all. Should virtue be flouted in the public streets? Not while Mr. Burphey was there to protect it.

What, then, more natural than that Miss Keen should turn in her extremity

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to the aunt of Mr. Wingate? Mr. Wingate's aunt was known to be a good and noble woman, ever a friend to virtue in distress, and her cook made excellent cakes for tea with chocolate icing. (Mr. Burphey himself would be very welcome there any day.) It was, moreover, a matter of common knowledge that Mr. Wingate from time to time was accustomed to take tea in his aunt's company. Was it not reasonable to suppose that she might meet him there, find a protector, be able to return the borrowed car; or, failing that, would not Mr. Wingate's aunt be readily in touch with him? It was with some such hope (should he say hope? Yes) that Miss Keen had left the car at Mr. Wingate's aunt's gate.

Disappointed in finding her away, and half beside herself with grief and terror, Miss Keen had fled to the garden, where she had hidden for some hours, not daring to venture forth. When at last she did venture forth the car was gone. Picture then her sad condition; in the city, a marauder stalking the streets in search of her; at Mr. Wingate's aunt's house—

Mr. Burphey, after a series of attempts, succeeded in interrupting. "Takin's stealing," said Mr. Burphey tersely. "You can't get over that."

"Oh, yes, you can," said Ellery softly. "Between Miss Keen and me there can be no such word as theft. The car now missing was, as you may say, *our* car. Miss Keen and I are to be married on Monday."

"Why the hell didn't you say so, then?" said Mr. Burphey.

After that it appeared that Mr. Burphey must have gone, because Ellery and Leslie were alone. Leslie's eyes were enormous, suddenly all black in a white face. "But you said—we were going to be married Monday."

"Well, aren't we?" said Ellery.

"I guess—we are," she whispered.

AND all at once Ellery's arms were very tight about her, and her head lay against his shoulder. There were never any lips in the world as red as those warm lips that Ellery kissed.

"I've been mean and horrid and hateful," Leslie cried. "But I loved you so I was just crazy jealous. I don't know why I *should* love you so, but I did from the beginning. What makes people love each other, anyway?"

"They just do," said Ellery. "I can't explain it."

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Any Mother's Son

THE two candidates for the Presidency restore faith in the continuing reality of our ancient tradition of boundless hope for every child. We have seldom had nominees for that great office whose lives and achievements were more perfectly expressive of the underlying trust in human equality and freedom.

Herbert Hoover is the son of an Iowa blacksmith. Members of his family lived in the sod houses of the primitive pioneers.

Left an orphan at an early age, poor and almost homeless, you would not have been likely to prophesy great things for him. Yet thirty years later he had become an international figure and before he was fifty-four nomination for the Presidency was his.

From a background superficially not less unpromising Alfred E. Smith emerged.

Hoover's father was a blacksmith. Smith's father was a city drayman. Neither earned enough money to educate his children. Neither lived long enough to see his famous son well started on the road from obscurity to fame.

But in the Eastern metropolis as well as on the Western farm the way to accomplishment lay open.

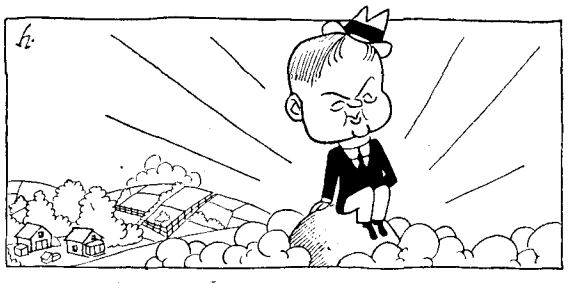
Except for the energy within him Herbert Hoover might even now be living in poverty at West Branch, unknown and unhonored. Save for his own internal drive "Al" Smith might still reside in a tenement under the shadow of the Brooklyn Bridge.

Both came out. Both had ambition and ability and the capacity for endless work.

The heartening thing is that in the tenements of the largest American city and in the equally simple homes of the ever-changing frontier opportunity lived on.

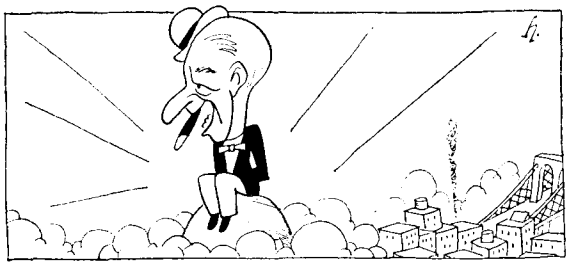
If Alfred Smith and Herbert Hoover might aspire to the White House, any American boy may reasonably hope to go as far as his character and his abilities will carry him. Certainly neither Hoover nor Smith was aided by family wealth or influence.

Not less interesting than the personal victories won by these two men who had to overcome such initial handicaps is the fact that from such diverse stock each came to have so much the same picture of America.



Of course there are differences between the men, and those differences will send one to the White House and reject the other, but there are similarities also, and these are more important even than election to office.

On many of the vital questions of the campaign Hoover and Smith talk and think alike. One emphasizes certain things and the other sees importance elsewhere but each is seeking to serve his fellow citizens in much the same way.



The real differences between them reflect the differences between city and country. City men feel about prohibition as Governor Smith talks. Hoover expresses the rural point of view. Both are loyal to the regions which nurtured them.

It is an inspiring spectacle to see two such men contesting for the leadership of the American people. It is reassuring to know, however the battle runs, whatever the future drift of population may be, that both city tenement and rural cabin are able to supply men fit to carry on the great principles which so long have made our country unique among the nations of the world.

Frail Woman

WHEN a seventeen-year-old London girl entered the water from the French coast to attempt to swim across the English Channel, she said what she really wanted was a farm in Australia.

The vigor which Miss Laddie Sharp has developed as a boxer, football player and swimmer won't do any harm at chore time.

A very modern person is this young Londoner. Quite another world she inhabits from that realm of fainting, feeble and somewhat obese ladies who so lately held the stage.

Modern as are the girl athletes, there is, however, little new about women farmers. Before history women tended the soil.

So a new freedom and a new ambition drive modern women to old ventures and the tradition of the race is preserved.

Sportsmen

WHEN Barbuti of New York in the Olympic games, stirred thousands of foreigners in enthusiastic applause for an American triumph by his dramatic leap through the tape, the tribute was not so much to a victorious America as to an America that could take defeat.

Barbuti's 440-yard win was the only track laurel carried off by the U. S. Our athletic army returned with its escutcheon perhaps slightly dented. Yet it brought back more international good will than any American Olympic squad of past years; it was our most popular team.

As there echo through the land criticism and counter-criticism, grumblings and growls, accusations and alibis as to why our champions failed in this event, it's just as well to remember two things: First, that America won the Olympics on actual points; second, that America won more than the Olympics. By losing a little prestige our athletes gained respect, because they showed in several grueling defeats that the losing American could be a more genial rival than the winning American; which is all there is to sport.

The Talkies

THE talkies, as the moving-picture gentlemen picturesquely describe the new films which appeal both to eye and ear, may well become one of the most powerful influences in our complicated world.

Think of the effect of having the same things said daily to millions of people in the cities and villages of this broad land.

Of course the movie directors will be sagacious enough to keep away from conscious propaganda. The audiences are paying guests and it would not do to offend them.

But even though the film magnates will seek only to please and entertain, the very flood of words let loose in ten thousand theatres will have enormous effects.

The manner of speech of a hundred million people will be vastly influenced. The talkies may do as much for the spoken language as the schools themselves.

Let's hope that the directors and actors rise to their opportunity and that what they say through the celluloid drama will serve to enrich and not debase a language which even now binds together two hundred million people.

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	Plymouth	x	x	x		x
	65 & 75	x	x	x		x
	80	x				x
Cunningham	All	x	x	x		x
Dodge	All	x	x			x
Durant	4-M 2 and 55	x	x	x		
	65 & 75	x	x	x		x
Elcar	6-70	x				x
	8-78, 8-82	x	x			x
	8-91, 8-92	x	x			x
Falcon	All	x	x	x	x	x
Ford	All	x		x	x	x
Franklin	All	x	x	x	x	x
Gardner	All	x	x	x		x
Graham-Paige	610	x	x	x		x
	614	x	x			x
	619, 629, 835	x	x		x	x
Hudson and Essex	All	x	x	x		x
Hupmobile	Century 6	x	x	x		x
	Century 125	x	x			x
	Century 8	x	x	x	x	x
Jordan	All	x	x	x	x	x
Kissel	All	x	x	x		x
Kleiber		x	x	x		x
LaSalle	All					x
Lincoln	All	x	x	x	x	x
Locomobile	8-70	x	x			x
Marmon	68	x				x
	78		x			
McFarlan	All	x	x	x		x
Moon	All	x	x	x		x
Nash	Std 6	x	x	x		x
	6 and 8	x				x
	8-69	x	x			x
Peerless	6-91, 6-60 and 6-80	x	x	x		x
Pierce-Arrow	81	x	x	x		x
	36	x	x			
Reo	Flying Cloud	x	x		x	x
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Roamer		x				
Stearns-Knight	All	x	x	x	x	x
Studebaker and Erskine	All	x	x	x	x	x
Stutz	All	x	x	x		x
Velie	All	x	x	x	x	x
Willys-Overland	Whippet 4	x	x	x		x
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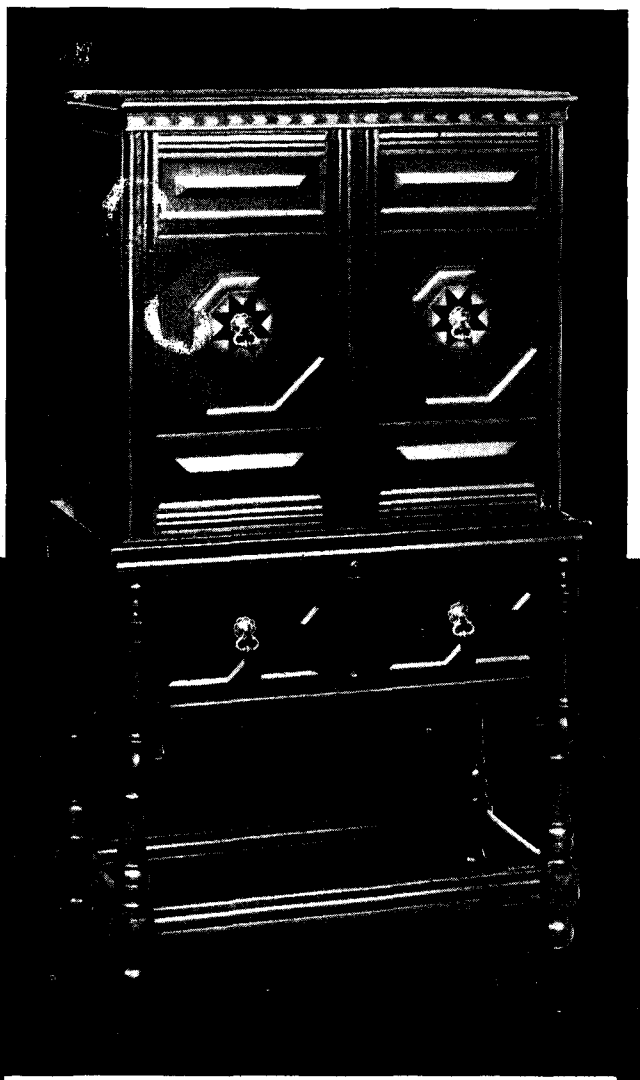
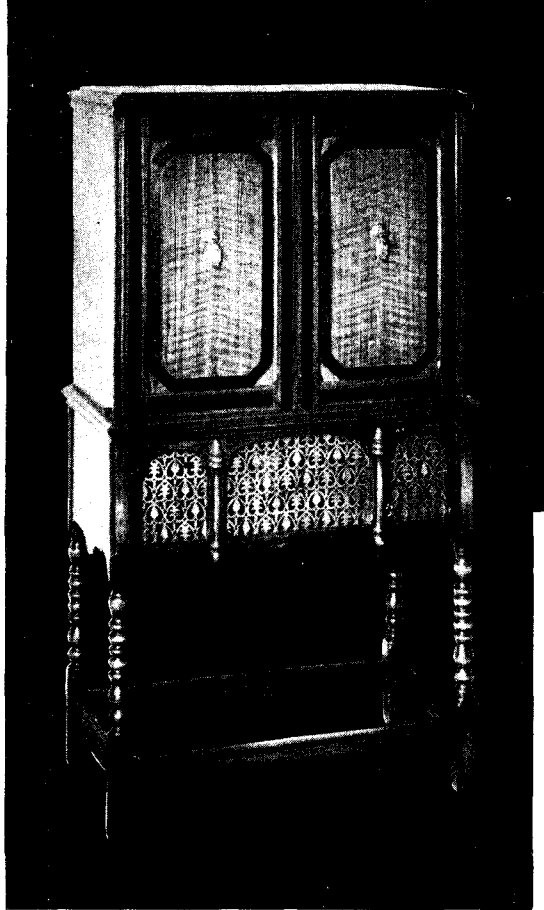


Model Nine-sixteen. Victor adjustable-volume Electrola, which reproduces record-music electrically, combined with the new, all-electric Radiola 18. *Antenna-plate brings in nearby broadcasts without aerial, permitting instrument to be placed wherever there is a light-socket. List price,* $750, *complete with tubes.*



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